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New Republic

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3

WASHINGTON WIRE

CONTENTS FOR AUGUST 1, 1949

- 5 The Supreme Court's Great Loss: An Editorial
- 6 The Week:
 - 6 Military Aid for Europe
 - 6 Why the Farm Plan Lost
- 7 The Trainmen's Leader
- 7 Herblock Cartoon
- 8 The Power Lobby Wins
- 8 A Committee for Fair Play
- 9 Outside America
- 11 The Legality of Wire-Tapping
- 13 The High Cost of Aluminum
- 15 Labor's New Strong Man
- 18 Trouble Ahead for Malaya
- 19 The Flimsy Walls—A Short Story
- 22 Harold L. Ickes
- 23 Books
- 27 Theatre
- 28 Radio and Television
- 29 Movies
- 30 Music

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IT IS COOL in the White House ante-room. Outside, the Washington jungle heat presses down. Here there is delicious air-conditioning. We wait for the press conference knowing the ordeal ahead. The door opens, we stampede into the President's familiar circular study. There he is, immaculate, with polka-dot bow tie, double-breasted Palm Beach suit, folded vest-pocket handkerchief, bronze Legion button. It's the Truman costume. There is no air-conditioning; Truman doesn't like it. With 150 newsmen it is as hot here as the simmering street outside. Sweat gathers between shoulder blades and slowly rolls down the spine. Truman could have it as cool here as the next room by opening a door but he doesn't like air-conditioning. Is there something symbolic in all this? We leave it to you.

It is rather pleasant to see Congress swelter in the heat. To be sure, offices and meeting places are air-cooled and many live in conditioned apartments. Even so they must pass across the fiery streets now and then. Congress devoutly wishes itself away. But annual sessions get longer and longer. Talk now is of Labor Day adjournment with a special session sometime in November. Easy-going days will never return; this rush of work is here for keeps. Congress has not adjusted itself to them. The Senate wasted a month on the civil-rights filibuster; the House takes 35 minutes for each roll call when electric pushbuttons used in some state legislatures could do the trick in half a minute. It is estimated the House loses three or four weeks each session by roll calls alone. Some day the heat will accomplish what reformers can't achieve. Congress will modernize procedure.

Looking over the protracted Atlantic Treaty Senate fight, the struggle to send arms abroad, the rise of the new

Taft-Wherry isolationism, the battle to cripple the Marshall Plan, it occurs to us that what Washington now has is a new kind of crisis. This is a test of steadfastness and determination without the accompaniment of terrifying war scares. American and Allied economies are threatened; there is disillusionment over the Marshall Plan; suspicions over the atomic bomb now, for some at least, seem to include Britain.



Heretofore postwar international emergencies have all been of the high-tension variety; this is a "low-tension" crisis. It is a crisis involving discouragement, listlessness, apathy and indifference. Perhaps we are having now in this first, big low-tension crisis the real test of America's postwar resolution and stability in world affairs.

It should be a comfort to taxpayers to know that the House recently agreed to pay the \$526 hotel bill incurred by Elizabeth T. Bentley last fall while she was testifying before the Un-American Activities Committee. Part of the money went for quarters and food for guards who watched over Miss Bentley. Taxpayers are also paying the salary of Representative J. Parnell Thomas (R, N. J.), eminent former chairman of the committee. No, he hasn't resigned because of that little criminal indictment against him; he's still getting pay checks as usual.

Back in a message of April 29, 1938, FDR quoted Bureau of Internal Revenue statistics showing that one-tenth of one percent of all US corporations reporting owned 52 percent of the corporate assets and earned 50 percent of all the corporate net income. We guess things haven't changed much since then. The final TNEC report declared:

We know that most of the wealth and income of the country is owned by

a few large corporations, that these corporations in turn are owned by an infinitesimally small number of people and that the profits from the operation of these corporations go to a very small group with the result that the opportunities for new enterprise, whether corporate or individual, are constantly being restricted.

In some ways this is the biggest issue of our time. The Attorney General has just brought suit against the Du Pont empire, including Du Pont itself with vast chemical monopolies and alleged control over US Rubber, largest tire producer in the country, and General Motors, largest car manufacturer. They tied in with the I. G. Farbenindustrie cartel before the war. Adolf A. Berle testified here last week before a House judiciary subcommittee investigating monopoly. His comment was simple. Failure to curb huge concentrations of economic power, he said, leads straight to socialism.

Bob Taft is a fine fellow, says *Life* magazine: he has stopped a lot of Truman legislation. But he opposed the Atlantic Pact. He did this, says *Life* rather lamely, "for his own reasons, and possibly because he was not so well informed as on domestic issues. . . . But his honest sincerity was applauded." Actually, of course, Taft opposed the Atlantic Treaty, as *Life* very well knows, because he is a crypto-isolationist. He fought the original postwar British loan, voted against US participation in the UN, did his utmost to slash Marshall Plan fund money. Even though the conservative drive to get Taft reelected in 1950 has now begun, we should face facts. We can imagine the hard work in the Luce office before evolving that formula, "possibly because he was not so well informed as on domestic issues." You can do better than that, boys.

Note. Purchase of the Washington *Times-Herald* by the Chicago *Tribune* means giving Congressmen an isolationist shot-in-the-arm every morning; here comes "The World's Second Greatest Newspaper."
Washington

T. R. B.

CORRESPONDENCE

Supreme Court Vacancy

SIR: It seems to me that the American public, including the Catholics, should resent the assumption, which you see everywhere, that President Truman must now appoint a Catholic jurist to fill the Supreme Court vacancy created by the death of Justice Murphy. The implication of this forecast is that the Supreme Court, far from being a tribunal of wise and impartial justice, is a complex of special pleaders who attain the truth only by a delicate balancing of biases.

Was Murphy appointed to the bench to "look out" for the Catholic interests; is Frankfurter there to protect the Jews? Or are these men elevated to the highest court in the land because their knowledge of the law and their devotion to the principles of democracy rise above the interests of party, class and religious faith? Surely the fact that Justice Murphy was a Catholic had no bearing on his fitness for the high position he filled with such dignity and usefulness. Surely a Catholic candidate for his post should have exactly the same consideration as any other qualified aspirant. Let us hope that Mr. Truman remembers he is about to create a new Supreme Court Justice, not appointing a politician who can deliver a block of votes.

New York City

ROBERT LITTLE

Church and State

SIR: The comments of T. R. B. in the *New Republic* of July 4 concerning the activities of Catholics are not correct. First, Catholics had nothing to do with the banning of the *Nation*; it was a Lutheran Superintendent of Schools in New York City who enacted the ban.

Second, the Catholic Church does not oppose federal aid to education. The Church supports federal aid but insists that private schools should not be "counted in" in numbering the students and "counted out" in the distribution of funds. Nor does any American constitutional principle demand, as T. R. B. avers, that tax funds go only to public schools. The Supreme Court in the *Everson* case held contra. But in view of the wide hostility to federal aid to private schools the Catholic Church is willing to let the public schools have the aid if the private schools receive the benefits designed for the pupils—health aids, bus transportation and textbooks. The Catholic Church is satisfied with the two bills that passed the Senate as is indicated by the fact that almost every Catholic Senator voted in favor of

the Senate federal-aid-to-education bill.

But the Church cannot allow the Barden bill to pass, since it specifically outlaws any aid to private schools even where the states allow such aid; such a provision was not in the GI Bill of Rights, the School Lunch Act or in any other public-welfare legislation enacted by Congress. The Barden bill makes second-class citizens of the 24 percent of American students who go to private institutions of learning.

REV. ROBERT F. DRINAN S. J.
Washington, D. C.

SIR: If Father Drinan thinks Catholics had "nothing to do" with banning the *Nation* he is curiously naïve.

As to the drive to get parochial schools brought under federal aid, this movement if persisted in may block desperately needed funds. Cardinal Spellman's attack on Representative Barden (D, N. C.), the sponsor of the pending House education bill, as a "bigot" shocked his friends. Barden's views on the separation of church and state in education have been held by millions of Catholics, including Al Smith.

Representative Jacobs (D, Ind.), a Catholic, speaking at Indianapolis this month declared: "As long as we have the same right to send our children to public schools as anyone else we are not discriminated against. . . . As Catholics, we do not have the right to a separate publicly supported school system nor does any other group of people have such a right."

Washington, D. C.

T. R. B.

SIR: I hope that everyone who is interested in preserving the freedom and intellectual integrity of our public schools will join me in fighting this attempt of the Roman Catholic Church to move in on our public-school system. We all know what happened to the *Nation* in New York and it is not hard to visualize similar attempts at censorship in other parts of the country if the heavy hand of the Roman Church becomes involved in public education as it is already involved in politics, for in many communities the school board is closely connected with local politics.

A state would have to have some board to see if the recipients of the aid met certain standards, and this would lead to Roman Catholic demands for representation on the board and subsequently to Roman Catholic influence on the board's standards and decisions. The use of public funds for non-public schools would certainly be a violation of the principle of separation of church and state.

Philadelphia, Pa. WALTER L. ROBERTS



THE SUPREME COURT'S GREAT LOSS

"THE LAW KNOWS no finer hour than when it cuts through formal concepts and transitory emotions to protect unpopular citizens against discrimination and persecution." Justice Murphy treasured this line from one of his dissents. More of these "finer hours" came to him, by virtue of his acts, than to any other member of the Supreme Court on which he served.

The rare qualities of Justice Murphy make him unusually difficult to replace. His extreme humanitarianism produced an unusual ability to arrive at true justice, often by unorthodox routes. Frank Murphy was a liberal in the economic field, a strong supporter of the anti-trust laws and the powers of the state to regulate for the common good. He gave the most liberal interpretation to the Commerce Clause of the Constitution since John Marshall, declaring that "The Commerce Clause is as broad as the economic needs of the nation."

But it was in the field of civil rights that Justice Murphy shone most brilliantly. He was not a legal scholar. Cases involving "freedom of speech" or "government oppression" sometimes won a sympathetic ear from him even when they did not warrant it. But his deep personal concern for individual liberty made him preëminent among all the judges of the Court on cases involving civil rights. Court statistics show that, since 1946, Justice Murphy voted on the side of those claiming rights denied them in 53 out of 56 cases. (*cf.*, Justice Black 39 for, 17 against; Douglas 47 for, 10 against; Frankfurter 23 for, 33 against; and Rutledge, most likely spiritual heir to Murphy on the Court, his close second, with 52 for and only four against.)

The loss of any one of the four consistently liberal members of the Supreme Court would have been a disastrous blow to Truman's Fair Deal. The death of Frank Murphy at this time seriously jeopardizes liberal jurisprudence. If President Truman should unwisely or by accident appoint a successor from the Right, the delicate balance by which progressives have retained control of the Court would be destroyed. Time after time in recent decisions, New Deal rulings have been sustained by a hairbreadth. Justices Black, Douglas, Murphy and Rutledge have stood together and made their position the majority by winning over some colleague on each issue. With Murphy gone, the advantage

swings to the other side. The three consistently conservative voters on the Court—Justices Burton, Frankfurter and Jackson—can now vie on equal terms for the shifting support of the border-state Justices Vinson and Reed, who incline sometimes to the Left, sometimes to the Right.

Unless a man with Justice Murphy's profound concern for the protection of civil rights is appointed to his place, the balance of decisions in such cases will almost certainly shift to the conservative side. (In this field, Justices Vinson and Reed seem set, not fluctuating; each, over the past three years, voted only eight times in favor of civil-rights claimants, 49 times against.)

The task of finding an adequate replacement, however, is sure to be tremendous. Since 1894, except for one period of two years, the Supreme Court has always had one Catholic member. That tradition is now so widely accepted that it is generally assumed the present vacancy will go to another member of the church to which Justice Murphy belonged. No Catholic layman comes to mind who is either so dedicated an apostle of civil rights or so free from domination of the Catholic hierarchy as Frank Murphy was. Senators Howard McGrath (D, R. I.), Brien McMahon (D, Conn.), Joseph O'Mahoney (D, Wyo.), eligible Catholics, though reputable and able men, all fall below the required stature. Former Solicitor General Charles Fahey, a Catholic and a Westerner, respected for his performance as chairman of the President's Committee on Equality in the Armed Services, does merit serious consideration.

In justice both to the future of his program and the principles for which Justice Murphy stood, however, President Truman seems in duty bound to ignore religious qualifications in this critical choice. The ablest man available who most closely follows in Frank Murphy's footsteps is the only acceptable choice. There is no shortage of good candidates. The federal bench offers men like Judge Charles Clark and Judge Jerome Frank of the Second Circuit, Judge John Biggs Jr. of the Philadelphia Circuit Court, Judge Henry Edgerton of the District of Columbia Court of Appeals. Outside the courts two excellent possibilities, in the spirit of

the Murphy record, are former Judge Thurman Arnold and former Judge William H. Hastie.

Frank Murphy was a spiritual son of the New Deal. On matters involving human liberties, he was the con-

science of the Court. To fill his place with a man of much less quality would be more dangerous to democracy in the long run than any number of failures and setbacks a backward Congress could produce.

THE WEEK

MILITARY AID FOR EUROPE

President Truman and Secretary Acheson have refused to take notice of the rising resistance in Congress to their demand for military aid for Europe. The President's special message, calling for a \$1.45 billion military-assistance program, was not revised to conform to the latest Congressional intelligence available. Avoiding any counsel that the original proposal be watered down, the President transmitted the arms program exactly as it was originally drafted and promised to the European governments.

There is no indication, from his message, that the President considers the threat of Soviet aggression in Europe either at an end or materially lessened. The Soviet Union, he says, "has done its utmost to prevent European recovery . . . has deliberately created an atmosphere of fear and danger . . . in the pursuit of selfish gains . . . [and] may again resort to the threat or use of force." The five nations of Western Europe, together with Norway, Denmark and Italy, are already spending more than they can afford for military preparations—about \$5.5 billion per year between them. The President says, "This amount is not enough, however, to furnish the protection they need."

He has not chosen to give Congress or the public any detailed information about the way in which he intends to allocate the \$1.45 billion, except in the most general terms. "A limited amount" will go in dollar aid to individual countries to increase their own military production; the remainder will be used for "direct transfer" of certain military equipment and to provide "the assistance of experts" in production and use of equipment and per-

sonnel. The purpose of it all, in the President's words, is to give "tangible assurance" that though the United States is 3,000 miles away from Europe, it "has no intention, in the event of aggression, of allowing the peoples of Western Europe to be overrun before its own power can be brought to bear."

Those who do not agree with the President's analysis of the situation and his proposed remedy for it go far beyond the handful of isolationist-minded men (11 Republicans and two Democrats) who opposed the ratification of the North Atlantic Pact. Senators who genuinely believe that the crisis of the cold war has passed, or who are deeply committed to a policy of economy and a balanced budget, will fight the Military Assistance Program even though they voted for the Atlantic Pact. The Republican leaders against the pact, Senators Taft and Wherry, confidently anticipate that their side will steadily gain support during the remainder of this session.

Although Senator Vandenberg pledged Secretary Acheson his backing for the MAP, he has quietly negotiated a compromise which Acheson will almost certainly have to oppose. Vandenberg is indicating that, in his opinion, the military assistance should be confined to a token program for "the relatively short interim until recommendations can be made to the next Congress." Middle-of-the-roaders of both parties look favorably on this way out. That is the way it is likely to be. The House Committee on Foreign Affairs will be urged to speed hearings on the full \$1.45 billion bill, in the hope that House passage by a substantial margin might influence enough Senators to carry the Administration

through. That hope is slim. The probabilities are for adjournment of this session of the 81st Congress by Labor Day with only token military assistance, if any, having been authorized.

WHY THE FARM PLAN LOST

In the House defeat of the Brannan program for agriculture President Truman has suffered a second setback, as serious for his farm supporters as the failure to repeal Taft-Hartley was for labor. The Brannan plan was an attempt to reconcile the interests of the two powerful blocs of voters most responsible for electing President Truman last November: the farmers and the city workers. It undertook to raise the standard of living for people on the farms and lower prices to consumers in the cities at the same time. A coalition of 160 Republicans and 76 Southern Democrats have wrecked that plan in the House. It is dead unless the Senate leadership can perform a semi-miracle by passing the Brannan bill in the upper chamber, thus forcing the House to reconsider.

No one realized more clearly than Secretary of Agriculture Charles Brannan how much the Administration was asking for in its agriculture bill. The plan Secretary Brannan conceived and the President approved is a new approach to farm problems. As such, it was immediately labeled "socialist" and "radical" by the die-hard leadership of the American Farm Bureau Federation and all the status-quo elements in American political life. The Administration's original strategy was shrewdly devised to split and outmaneuver this powerful opposition. In one of its few brilliant strokes, the Democratic National Committee spon-

sored a highly successful farmer-labor rally at Des Moines, Iowa, to explain the Brannan program and arouse enthusiasm for it. If the follow-up strategy agreed upon at that meeting had been carried out, the Brannan plan might have been law today. The unions and farm and consumer organizations in favor of the Administration's proposal were to combine their forces and concentrate on the doubtful Congressional districts of the country. The top labor men who were at Des Moines delivered the official endorsements of their organizations for the Brannan bill but did not back that up with the kind of lobbying necessary to deliver votes.

The second part of the Administration's strategy hinged on securing substantial Southern support by putting Representative Stephen Pace (D, Ga.), author of the bill, in charge of its handling on the floor. Pace, a widely respected and popular member and the leading House authority on agricultural matters, thought he could count enough noses for passage when Representative Albert Gore, eager and ambitious young member from rural Tennessee, created a stampede by moving instead a simple one-year extension of the present law. Gore, a candidate for promotion to the Senate, was carrying out the orders of the Tennessee Farm Bureau Federation. Without adequate pro-Brannan-plan lobbying to deter them, Southern Democrats, under strong prodding from their state farm bureaus, deserted to the Gore side in droves. When the final vote was taken, instead of the 50-50 division on which Pace had counted, Southern Democrats went 3 to 1 against the Brannan plan, and the Administration proposal was lost.

Pace tried desperately to save even a tiny part of the program by offering to eliminate hogs from the "trial run" and make the new plan applicable only to potatoes, eggs and wool. At that stage, even such complete appeasement of the cattle lobby was not enough. The Southerners stood firmly with Gore for retaining the present program which big farmers like so well.

The Southerners will offer the same problem in the Senate. There the Administration situation is made more difficult than it was in the House by the fact that the man generally accepted in that body as the leading expert on farm matters, Senator Clinton Anderson (D, N.M.), Truman's former Secretary of Agriculture, is fighting the Brannan program. The Administration has no Senate equivalent of Pace, and the majority of Southerners have failed to realize the special menace which the Aiken flexible price-support bill, most likely alternative to the Brannan bill, would be to small farmers.

The Brannan plan to benefit small farmers and consumers failed for the same reason that most of the rest of the Truman program has failed in the 81st Congress: Administration leadership was unable to secure an even split of the South with the Republicans.

Only a larger majority in the next election or considerably improved floor work, backed up by the handling of patronage and the application of pressure, will bring a change.

THE TRAINMEN'S LEADER

A. F. Whitney, upon his death at 76, was preparing for the 1950 campaign with more vigor and imagination than any other labor politician. In his appearance and in his approach to the union and political problems with which he dealt every day, Whitney seemed about half his actual age. There was no room in him for any compromise with what he considered to be the enemy and no letting down on a crusade once it was begun.

He had a refreshing willingness to admit that he could be wrong. After having publicly declared war on President Truman for breaking the railroad



strike of 1946, a lesser man might have been embarrassed to return to the Administration fold. But when he decided that the Democratic Party was the only true home of liberalism, Whitney had no hesitation in throwing his full strength into the campaign to elect the man he had once sworn to defeat.

We happen to know that Whitney's personal plans for the next few months revolved around drafting the strongest possible Democratic candidates to oppose reactionary Republican Senators up for reelection in eight Midwestern states next year and seeing to it that they had the wherewithal to win. He was laying plans to put the BRT on a year-round political-action basis. Liberal candidates were being encouraged to oppose old-line Democrats in West Coast and Southern states with the promise of substantial support.

Under the colorful leadership of Whitney, the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen attained a national standing and influence far beyond its 200,000 membership. The BRT's able secretary, W. P. Kennedy, who has been selected as the new president of the union, has a high example to follow.

FEDERAL SCHOOL AID

In the hope of getting the House to act on the Senate-passed federal-aid-to-education bill before Congress adjourns this summer, Representative Hugo Sims (D, S. C.) has introduced a petition, requiring 218 signatures, to discharge the House Education and Labor Committee from further consideration of the measure.

The Senate bill attempted to solve the dispute over federal aid to parochial schools by allowing states now giving aid to non-public schools the right to continue the practice. At the same time, it required each state to meet certain standards of the US Office of Education. The House bill is far weaker in this respect in that the states could receive aid but would not be required to submit plans to the federal agency. This important point has been overshadowed by the religious controversy.

Causing even more confusion, Representative John E. Fogarty (D, R. I.) has introduced another education bill giving each state the choice of using federal funds to furnish textbooks, bus rides and health aids "for either public school children exclusively or for all the children." If a state chooses to spend its funds for public schools exclusively, a portion of the money would be withheld by the federal government.

Fortunately, the Senate bill has the joint support of Catholic and Protestant churches. And, according to Representative Sims, there will be enough signatures on the petition to place the bill before the House this session. If passed, it will end a 10-year struggle for federal aid to education.

THE POWER LOBBY WINS

The Senate Appropriations Committee, following the line of the power lobby, has cut more than \$16 million from Interior Department funds for the construction of transmission lines and other power facilities for the Southwestern Power Administration, Central Valley of California, Bonneville Power Administration, and projects in Montana, Idaho and Colorado. By the time the bill was reported to the Senate floor, there was nothing left of President Truman's campaign promise to Western states for low-cost public power to encourage industrial development and provide power for such essential modern farm machinery as irrigation pumps, milking machines and refrigerators.

The committee members responsible for granting the power lobby's wishes were Democratic Senators Elmer Thomas (Okla.), Kenneth McKellar (Tenn.), Pat McCarran (Nev.) and Republicans Guy Cordon (Ore.), Kenneth Wherry (Neb.), Clyde Reed (Kans.) and Chan Gurney (S.D.). Senator McCarran freely admitted that the group has gone beyond the limits of Appropriations Committee activities and entered the field of "policy-making" on the power question.

Taking the list of projects of which private power companies disapproved, the committee supported the objec-

tions in almost every case, and in several instances even directed the federal agency to negotiate with the objecting company to carry the public power over their private lines. Representatives of private companies (James B. Black, president of Pacific Gas and Electric; Kinsey M. Robinson, president of Washington Water Power Company; Hamilton Moses, president of Arkansas Power and Light, and others) plied the committee with promises that the industry is ready and willing to provide all necessary services if the government keeps hands off. They denied alleged power shortages and inadequate service and insisted their rates were reasonable. Expansion of government operations, they claimed, would drive them out of business and lead to socialism.

The committee ignored testimony of REA coöperatives and representatives of state and local organizations who complained of the inadequacy of present service from private utilities, of their attempts to squeeze out municipal and coöperative systems, and their high rates, which discourage industrialization of underdeveloped regions, and paid no attention to testimony by Bureau of Reclamation officials that existing privately owned lines were not sufficient to carry the power loads under development.

A sizable group has organized in the Senate to restore the items cut. The group includes such Southerners as Richard Russell (Ga.), Lister Hill (Ala.), Lyndon Johnson (Tex.), as well as Western Senators Lester Hunt (D, Wyo.), Glenn Taylor (D, Idaho) and Joseph O'Mahoney (D, Wyo.). They will try to reverse the committee by substituting the original Interior Department appropriation bill, carrying out the Democratic program 100 percent, which passed the House by an overwhelming majority last March.

A COMMITTEE FOR FAIR PLAY

At last a Senate committee is investigating Congressional "investigating committees." Hearings are now being held in the Senate Rules Committee on a resolution, introduced by

Majority Leader Scott Lucas (D, Ill.), that would safeguard the rights of persons attacked in Congressional investigations. The principal target is the House Un-American Activities Committee, but other committees that have displayed reckless disregard for reputations are also on trial.

The case of the Un-American Activities Committee versus Dr. Edward U. Condon, director of the National Bureau of Standards and first witness to testify before the Rules Committee, is perhaps the clearest example of the need for passage of the Lucas resolution. If that resolution had been in effect at the time the committee first accused Condon of being "one of the weakest links in our atomic security," the Un-American Activities Committee would have been guilty of violating almost every section of it governing committee procedure.

For example the resolution provides:

¶ The committee cannot publish or file any report until a meeting has been held and a majority of the members have approved the report. The committee would be prohibited from publishing any statement or report "alleging misconduct by, or otherwise adversely commenting on, any person" unless that person has been notified and given a reasonable opportunity to present to the committee a sworn statement in his own behalf. (Dr. Condon told the Rules Committee that, during most of 1947, there appeared "unfriendly newspaper articles attributed to Un-American Activities Committee sources saying that I was being investigated and implying that sinister revelations were soon to be made." On March 1, 1948, Representative J. Parnell Thomas charged in a news statement that "I was untrustworthy and unfit for public office.")

¶ Committee members and staff employees cannot use hearings as a springboard for publicity through speeches, lectures and articles; the resolution prohibits members from writing or speaking for compensation about the committee, "its purposes, procedures, accomplishments, or re-

ports" during the existence of the committee and while he is a member. (Committee Chairman Thomas began his attack against Condon with two magazine articles containing innuendoes about Condon's loyalty.

¶ Any person who believes he has been defamed by testimony or evidence presented in a Congressional hearing has the right to file a sworn statement for the committee record, testify in his own behalf and to summon and cross-examine up to four witnesses. (Dr. Condon said he "accepted with pleasure" a subpoena to appear before the committee. But on April 14, 1948, he received a telegram stating the hearing was indefinitely postponed. In the meantime he was cleared by the Atomic Energy Commission for secret work on atomic research and, although he has repeatedly requested a hearing, he has never been called by the committee for the promised rebuttal.)

Senator Lucas' resolution aims at returning to the dignity and integrity of the best investigating committees in the past, the notable Teapot Dome investigation in the 1920's, the banking and stock-exchange investigation in the 1930's, and, during World War II, the War Investigating Committee, first under Senator Truman and later under Senators Mead and Kilgore. It aims at getting away from the hearsay testimony and irrelevant evidence that Congressional committees have accepted and encouraged in the last few years. Senator Homer Ferguson (R, Mich.) could not repeat his investigation of executive departments and borrow Elizabeth Bentley from the Un-American Activities Committee to smear the young government employee, William Remington, who was later cleared. Investigation committee Republicans could not play politics with Howard Hughes's planes and Henry Kaiser's plants. Senator Bourke Hickenlooper's (R, Iowa) personal feud with David Lilienthal would not be given a Congressional-committee stage.

Lucas has pointed out that his resolution does not impair such essential

powers of committee procedure as subpoenaing witnesses, compelling them to testify, or punishing them for contempt if that becomes necessary. "But," he says, "if Congress does not have the statesmanship to reform itself, I fear that the whole process of Congressional investigation will fall into disrepute. I do not believe the country will tolerate indefinitely the disorderly hurling of charge and counter-charge, the assassination of reputations without cause, the battles for headlines which occur much too frequently."

OUTSIDE AMERICA

Rome's newspaper *Il Tempo*, which supports the government of Alcide de Gasperi, reports from Washington that the American man in the street feels only "antipathy" for the English—"that nation of insolvents and egoists." It quotes a presumably typical American as saying, "Of course we've got to do something for the English, but we're tired of paying without even knowing how the six or seven billion dollars we've lent them during the last three years have been wasted. . . . We want them to stop giving away free to all their people gold teeth and gold-rimmed eyeglasses."

The Manchester *Guardian*, which though Liberal in politics has sympathy for the Labour Government, writes about Italy's present economic structure:

This is essentially non-democratic, having at its base an iniquitous and rotten fiscal system, incompatible with modern ideas not merely of justice and equality but even of national economy. Incapable, for various reasons, of collecting efficiently its direct taxes, the State has come to rely more and more on the principle of indirect taxation, which weighs heavily on the poor.

The evils of the system are aggravated by abuses and exemptions in which pri-

vate interests too often shelter behind the bulwark of ecclesiastical privilege, itself a formidable barrier both to fiscal and agrarian reform. . . . So far one industry has benefited unconditionally from the Marshall Plan—namely the bureaucracy which has sprung up to administer it. The Italian State is paralyzed by two colossal deadweights—the subsidized industries and the overgrown bureaucracy, both of which represent concealed forms of unemployment.

The London *Economist*, which opposes the Labour Government, calling for a return to capitalist economics, writes about Italian industry that it is

feudal in tradition, largely monopolistic in its higher reaches . . . [and] had missed the revolution essential to genuine free enterprise—the revolution of Henry Ford. Save for a few exceptions, the notion of producing cheaply for the many and gaining small profits in a large turnover is not part of the Italian business mentality. . . .

Another weakness in Italian society [is] the gulf between the small group of industrialists and landed proprietors of great wealth and the poverty of the masses. The visitor sometimes has the impression of living in a country with two almost totally disconnected economies—the small closed circle of the very wealthy and the poor, ingenious, resourceful, intensely active life of the masses. This antiquated social structure has its political repercussions in the alienation of a large part of the working class and the perpetual undercurrent of political instability.

The Truman Administration—elected on a Fair Deal platform—seems to agree with *Il Tempo's* American man in the street about the dangers of Britain's "egoistic" attention to the teeth and eyes of the unwealthy British people. John Snyder is doing battle against Sir Stafford Cripps. But the Truman Administration, whose election platform also included a program of removing Communism-serving social instability in countries like Italy, seems content with the Italian government's "altruism."

No American official is doing battle against Italian Minister of the Interior Mario Scelba, who has just violated the Constitution by postponing regional elections until late in 1950. Nor has Truman, who fought hard against the Taft-Hartley Act, spoken up

against de Gasperi's preparation to give Italy an oversize, Fascist-type T.H. Apparently the White House is willing to accept as a "reform," hence a bulwark against political instability, the Italian government's project to reintroduce decree-laws. In Italy, at least, the American Fair Deal needs teeth and eyes.

Belgium's recent royal history, in particular the effort of Leopold III to regain his throne, brings to mind a bit of advice Machiavelli gave medieval princes in his *Discourses of Titus Livius*. Interpreting the lessons of Roman history and using Caesar and Brutus as the prototypes of the authoritarian and libertarian rulers, the Florentine scientist of power warned that "he who would make a tyranny and does not destroy Brutus, and he who would make a free state and does not destroy the son of Brutus, will fail in his purpose."

Modern Belgium is a constitutional monarchy—the monarch "King of the Belgians," not "King of Belgium," his authority deriving not from any divine right but from the will of the people. Nevertheless Leopold II made himself a personal monarch and also an internationally recognized villain through his part in the infamous Congo scandal; he was accused of having condoned, if not ordered, the deliberate mutilation of native workers who failed to gather their rubber quotas. In Machiavellian terms he was a Caesar.

His son Albert was a Brutus who did all he could to undo his father's misdeeds. A man who believed in freedom, he lived up to his constitutional role and won the affection of his people. He also became an internationally recognized hero—he risked his throne, his kingdom and his life to resist the Germans in World War I. And his queen, a woman of his own courage and moral stature, shared in his glory.

But Albert's son Leopold grew up in the shadow of his great parents, dominated and dwarfed by their fame. After he mounted the throne he represented the fact that the Belgians con-

sidered him his father's son, not himself; and when he married Astrid of Sweden he resented the fact that she won more popular affection than he could achieve. When Leopold's time for greatness came, he took the path opposite to his father's. In the years between the two wars he played the German, not the Anglo-French, side; he refused to permit the Maginot Line to be extended to the sea; he insisted on a "neutrality" that served only the Germans. Then he capitulated under fire in World War II, turned his armies and his country over to the Nazis, went on bended knee to Hitler at Berchtesgaden. He was Machiavelli's son of Brutus, a petty Caesar who had been beaten in the debacle of a greater Caesar.

The Belgian Parliament voted on July 19, 1945, to remain the judge of when—if at all—Leopold had purged himself of his "impossibility of reigning." There was no question of giving up the monarchy—Prince Charles was named Regent. Moreover, the question then (and now) wasn't merely whether Leopold had remained pro-German; it was whether he remained the son of Brutus—a peril to a free state.

Last month the Belgians were called upon to decide. Queen Mother Elizabeth voted against her son, and his commoner wife, the Princess of Rethy. (As Queen Mother Mary might have voted against her son, Edward VIII, and the former Wally Simpson.) The voting was in the form of parliamentary elections; and though there was a strong shift toward the Right, too many parliamentarians in the Brutus tradition were elected to permit the return to the throne of the son of the Albertine Brutus.

Nevertheless the question isn't settled. Leopold III still wants to come back and is seeking advice about the next step to take. During the elections, the Western European picture weeklies, which specialize in glamor girls from Hollywood and royalty in exile, published photographs of Leopold playing golf. His companion was Edward, Duke of Windsor.

PERCY WINNER

IS WIRE-TAPPING LEGAL?

by E. A. Harris

WIRE-TAPPING has flourished in the United States ever since a telephone lineman, half a century ago, joined the New York Police Department and demonstrated the gentle art of listening to the conversations of suspected criminals. The telephone company, from a sense of public duty, coöperated fully with the police until 1916, when the public caught on to the covert practice and raised such a howl that the phone company withdrew its police guidance. By this time, however, the federal government had moved into the lush new field of eavesdropping, initially in its search for aliens. Despite doubtful legal grounds and debatable ethics, it has been going strong ever since.

Before hastening to condemn Attorney General Tom C. Clark, Director J. Edgar Hoover of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, and the intelligence officers of the armed services who also employ wire-tapping, listen to their case. For many years they have sought, unsuccessfully, clarification of the law on the subject. They have been in the forefront of the fight for legislation that would not only legalize federal wire-tapping in limited security inquiries, but would expressly forbid its use otherwise, in order to guard against abuses.

Moreover, for 15 years, Attorney Generals have interpreted the Communications Act of 1934 as no barrier to wire-tapping by federal agents, provided the information is not made public or divulged to anyone outside of the proper government authorities. It is pointed out further that Franklin D. Roosevelt, shortly before the United States entered the last war, personally authorized federal wire-tapping in cases of espionage, sabotage, kidnaping and extortion. It is undeniable that use of the device, however reprehensible, has assisted the FBI in solving crimes, even though the evidence thus obtained is inadmissible in federal courts.

Aside from legal questions, the basic issue revolves around the danger to a free society inherent in any use of wire-tapping. Is it justified in peacetime under any circumstances? In an effective democracy, can the tactics and methods of a police state be licensed without running the risk of polluting the very roots of that democracy? Can such methods be adequately restricted to limited security cases?

President Roosevelt, in authorizing its use, was careful to point out that the problem of balancing the need

for law-enforcement agents with the need for protection of citizens against abuse of such power raised "the most delicate problem in the field of democratic statesmanship." The federal government has no statute governing the use of wire-tapping, but even New York State, which took the lead among the commonwealths in applying a policy of supervised wire-tapping for crime detection, has found the state statute in large measure abused or ignored.

The constitution adopted by New York in 1938 set forth safeguards, under the Bill of Rights provision for searches and seizures, against "unreasonable" interception of telephone and telegraph communications. The legislature later provided that wire-tapping could be indulged in by law-enforcement officers only upon issuance of ex-parte orders by the courts or by the district attorney or high-ranking police officials.

But a study prepared recently by Margaret L. Rosenzweig for the New York State Bar Association concluded that "the right to be secure against unreasonable interceptions conferred by the New York constitution and statutes is a hollow right in the present status of the law."

At hearings before the New York County Criminal Courts Bar committee last autumn, Special Sessions Justice Frank Oliver testified that delegates to the constitutional convention in Albany had believed the requirement of a court order for wire-tapping would protect New Yorkers against abuse. No one had imagined, he said, that such orders "would be issued on trivial grounds or in cases involving only suspicion of a misdemeanor or offense."

He went on:

Today, however, a man's home is not his castle in New York. It is just an uncovered garbage can for the police to pick over. . . . The mere mention of a warrant breaks judicial ribs with laughter. If you want to see a policeman roll on the floor, just mention the search and seizure provisions of the [state] constitution.

If this has been the wire-tapping experience of New York State, where it is governed by statute, what is happening on the national front in this incredible era of suspicion and distrust? Since wire-tapping is not authorized under any federal law, it is up to the Attorney General alone to determine whether telephone-tapping by federal agents shall be permitted.

Tom Clark is as unhappy about this clouded situation

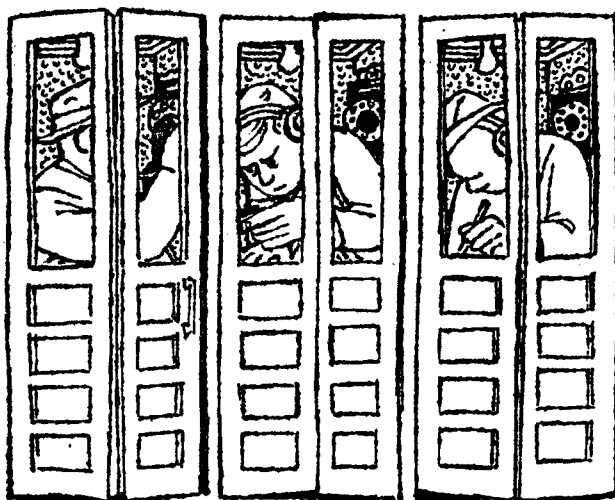
E. A. Harris, in 1946 Pulitzer Prize-winner for National Correspondence, is a member of the Washington Bureau of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

as anyone else. Early this year he requested the Senate Judiciary Committee to act on legislation to legalize wire-tapping in specified security cases, and to make such evidence admissible in federal courts. It was the first attempt by an Attorney General in seven years to legalize tapping, Congress having refused to pass similar Administration bills in 1940, 1941 and 1942. When protests poured in, Clark suddenly withdrew his request, leaving the situation as moot as ever. There is good reason to believe that Clark's backward flip, if not ordered by the White House, was at least approved by the President.

Abandonment of the proposal, however, means only that evidence obtained by the FBI through wire-tapping will continue to be inadmissible in court trials. Your phone may still be tapped, with the advance approval of the Attorney General, if any of your friends or casual acquaintances are suspected of having any information relating to espionage or sabotage. It is certainly conceivable that the telephones of thousands of innocent citizens may be tapped for hours, days or weeks as the result of erroneous and sometimes anonymous "spy tips" to security agents.

Two questions recur in the controversy over wire-tapping: (1) Is it being carried on illegally by the federal government? (2) Is it wise? Do the ends justify the means?

There is, of course, no way of telling just how effective wire-tapping has been to the Justice Department in cracking security cases, precisely because information gained from the practice is inadmissible in federal courts. By the same token, no one outside of the top government hierarchy knows how many telephones throughout the nation are being tapped. The police state may be encroaching, but by its very nature it cannot be dissected and evaluated.



DRAWING BY BERNARDA BRYSON

Therein, perhaps, lies the great danger. Granting that the end purposes of the Justice Department are highly commendable, who can guarantee that the head of the Department always will be an official of flawless judgment and character? What would this instrument for crime detection become in the hands of ruthless and reactionary office-holders? Once an invasion of privacy is accepted, who can say with assurance that it will not burgeon, through abuses and excesses, into a political weapon against liberals or conservatives, depending upon the party in power?

And if it is aimed chiefly at Communists or their followers and sympathizers, the suspicious characters, viewed through the eyes of some future A. Mitchell Palmer, become numberless. Since advocates of public housing have been denounced as Communist dupes, Senator Taft might be suspect. Proponents of rent control, health insurance, minimum wages, civil rights, public utilities and river-valley developments, not to mention credit restrictions, would all be fair game for any "free-enterprise" super-patriot in Clark's place, for such measures have been termed Communistic.

FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover testified before a House Judiciary subcommittee in 1942 that he feared abuses by the "great bodies of new and inexperienced employees" of the federal government if wire-tapping was not strictly controlled. It was abuse of the wire-tapping authority, he asserted, that had prompted public reaction against the practice. And Justice Hughes called wire-tapping an intolerable "dirty business."

When federal officials speak of "authority," they are hard put to cite any specific power to indulge in wire-tapping, except the tenuous approval granted them by President Roosevelt. The approach of the government is distinctly negative—that tapping is not expressly forbidden by the Constitution or by federal statute. This seems tantamount to saying that the Founding Fathers, with their Bill of Rights, did not foresee and therefore did not disapprove of poison gas, germ warfare and atom bombs.

In the absence of any specific wire-tapping prohibition in the Constitution, resort was made, in the case of *Olmstead v. United States*, to the Fourth Amendment, barring unreasonable search and seizure. Here the Supreme Court ruled, five to four, that the guarantee against unreasonable search did not ban wire-tapping, since there had been no actual house entry and no physical seizure. The restricted legal point at issue did not embrace the Court's judgment on wire-tapping as a method of obtaining evidence, but even so Justice Brandeis was disturbed by its implications. In his dissent, he wrote: "Can it be that the Constitution affords no protection against such invasions of individual se-

curity?" As to the end justifying the means, he wrote:

Experience should teach us to be most on our guard to protect liberty when the government's purposes are beneficent. Men born to freedom are naturally alert to repel invasion of their liberty by evil-minded rulers. The greatest dangers to liberty lurk in insidious encroachment by men of zeal, well-meaning but without understanding.

Government lawyers themselves have acknowledged from time to time that the legality of federal wire-tapping is questionable. Attorney General Francis Biddle, in February, 1942, unsuccessfully sought legislation authorizing wire-tapping in certain security cases on the plea that it would "clarify a doubtful field." At the same Congressional hearings, James L. Fly, then chairman of the Federal Communications Commission, testified that in his opinion the Communications Act of 1934 made all wire-tapping unlawful.

That Act clearly provides that "no person, not being authorized by the sender, shall intercept any communication and divulge or publish the existence, contents, substance . . . or meaning of such intercepted communication to any person." In 1937 the Supreme Court held, in the case of *Nardone v. United States*, that the prohibition in the Act was applicable to federal agents and that recordings obtained by wire-tapping could not be submitted as evidence in federal courts.

Despite the wording of the Communications Act and the ruling in the *Nardone* case, the Justice Department for many years has maintained that the Act does not bar wire-tapping completely, and FBI agents as well as Military Intelligence officers have continued to employ the eavesdropping device.

Convenient interpretations of the Communications Act have been made by the Attorney General's office. When Oscar Cox was Assistant Solicitor General, he told a House committee, on March 24, 1942, that "the question of divulging is whether it is divulged to an arm of the government or to the public generally." But the Act itself says nothing of the kind; one can read such latitude into it only by the most gymnastic stretching of the imagination.

As the Justice Department sees it, then, the Act does not bar a report by an agent to his superior on the context or meaning of tapped telephone conversations. The agent is not "divulging" the information.

The Department insists that this is perfectly legal and proper. For authority it cites the uniform opinions of various Attorneys General. If the Constitution and the Communications Act are being violated by federal wire-tapping practices, presumably criminal proceedings would have to be initiated by the Justice Department against the Justice Department.

THE HIGH COST OF ALUMINUM

by James Stewart Martin

FROM TIME TO TIME, the press forecasts exciting new uses for aluminum, ranging from all-aluminum barns to dozens of household gadgets which are now made from less attractive materials. The trouble is that these innovations are always for the future. Aluminum still costs so much (17 cents a pound in mid-1949) that the suggested new uses would be too expensive for the average person. Aluminum is in the price class of hardwood flooring when it should be in a class with rough lumber. Why is this so? Would it be possible to produce aluminum at lower cost? And if so, what is the trouble?

Many who have studied the subject believe that the heart of the matter is the semi-monopoly still maintained by the Aluminum Company of America, popularly known as Alcoa. Despite some war-born competition, Alcoa still has a commanding position in aluminum; and, strangely, that position has been aided and abetted by the extraordinary attitude of several govern-

ment agencies, notwithstanding our official policies against monopoly.

Twelve years ago the government began a suit against Alcoa under the Sherman Anti-Trust Act. This proved one of the longest, most expensive and, on the whole, most futile court actions in our history. The upshot was that, in 1945, a federal appeals court decided Alcoa had been a monopoly in 1941, before the war. But it left unsettled the question whether Alcoa was still a monopoly in 1945. Because the Reynolds Metals Company and Henry Kaiser's Permanente Metals Corporation had come into the picture after the scandalous aluminum shortage early in the war, the appeals court ordered the federal district court to reopen the Alcoa case after the War Assets Administration disposed of the government-owned aluminum-producing plants constructed during the war.

In 1948, the Department of Justice asked the district court at New York to order the dissolution of Alcoa

on the ground that disposal of some government plants to competitors had not ended Alcoa's restraining grip on the industry. Late in 1948, the WAA, which has shown little interest in whether its war-plant disposals encourage monopoly, sold Alcoa a \$5 million aluminum plant at Massena, New York, over the opposition of the Department of Justice. The Massena plant makes "pig"—ingot—aluminum. The Department of Justice contends that Alcoa controls pig production. To counteract this contention, and as a part of the agreement with the WAA over this sale, Alcoa agreed to make a number of patents available, without royalty, to the rest of the aluminum industry.

From the standpoint of the consumer, the fact that primary aluminum is now produced by three companies instead of one does not necessarily mean an abundance of low-cost aluminum. Alcoa still controls the raw materials used by itself and by the Kaiser firm; only Reynolds has independent sources of materials.

One of the important questions about aluminum is whether the most advanced technological processes are being followed, processes which might make possible a far lower price to consumers.

Aluminum is made from alumina, which in turn is extracted, at present, from bauxite. While there is a limited amount of bauxite in the United States, about two-thirds of what is now used is mined in Dutch Guiana, brought to this country in ships and distributed to the alumina plants, mostly by rail. In recent years, a good deal has been said about the possibility of getting cheaper alumina from various abundant US clays.

At present, Alcoa and Reynolds get alumina from bauxite by the Bayer process, which leaves a large proportion of alumina in the red-mud residue. This residue is then reworked by what is called the lime-soda-sinter process. During the war, while we were still stacking aluminum pots and pans in every courthouse square to help relieve the shortage, a cement firm, the Monolith Portland Midwest Company, proved the chemical possibility of using the lime-soda-sinter process directly on our own domestic supplies of blue clay and anorthosite rock.

Government technicians thought enough of the experiment to advise the Reconstruction Finance Corporation to spend \$4 million for a pilot plant at Laramie, Wyoming, which was leased to Monolith. But the pilot plant was never allowed to come into operation, even on an experimental basis: the RFC canceled the contract before the plant was completed.

At the end of the war, Alcoa had the capacity to produce aluminum at the annual rate of 878 million pounds (as against 474 for Reynolds and 270 for Kaiser),

while Alcoa's Canadian affiliate sits across the border with a 1,622 million-pound capacity in case of competitive trouble. Alcoa has an enormous amount invested in plants using the Bayer process, which would be lost if that process proved to be technologically obsolete; it would also lose a great deal of control if, through new and less expensive processes, the fields of alumina and aluminum production were broken open so that independent operators could enter.

Monolith has brought suit against the RFC for \$7.5 million damages. It is also demanding that the RFC be enjoined from dismantling the Wyoming plant or selling it to another purchaser.

One of the curiosities of the story is the amazing haste of the RFC in trying to get rid of this plant. The advice to do so came from the War Production Board, all of whose aluminum experts were loaned to it temporarily by the industry. Naturally, Alcoa furnished most of them, because up to that time Alcoa *was* the industry. Some of the experts on the National Security Resources Board, a government agency that has assumed the mantle of the WPB, have not only spread rumors that the Monolith process is "technologically not feasible" (without giving any reason) but have gone to the extraordinary length of arguing that we do not need a domestic supply of alumina from clay, that bauxite, mostly imported, is all that we require as a raw material. Anyone who remembers the shortage of vessels during World War II, when German submarines blew up dozens of ships within sight of our East Coast, will question the wisdom of this attitude.

The US Bureau of Mines is one government body that does not depend upon dollar-a-year men borrowed from Alcoa, or from anybody else. The Bureau has endorsed the Monolith process, at least to the extent of recommending that the pilot-plant experiment be carried out. But in the first innings, at any rate, the dollar-a-year mentality of the NSRB has prevailed. It is only recently that some members of Congress have begun to demand a chance for the new process to prove itself in operation on a commercial scale. Until something is done to break trail, we aren't going to get aluminum cheap enough to extend its use materially.

The time has come to turn a spotlight on such "planless" economic planning. Even assuming the best intentions on the part of all concerned, their behavior shows how many road blocks stand in the way of really productive effort wherever "well-established" concerns have already set a restrictive pattern. We are not yet living in the brave new world of full production. But maybe that is because we have been listening too long to Alcoa and its friends.

LABOR'S NEW STRONG MAN

by Joe Miller

DAVE BECK, feudal overlord of AFL Western teamsters, is entering on a nationwide campaign intended to make him the most powerful labor leader in America. Having imposed his will on most of the Pacific Northwest, Beck is marching out of his Seattle citadel in quest of the bigger stake of national power.

After publicly announcing that the teamsters were starting an organizing drive to double their membership of one million within five years, Beck boldly made a nationwide road check of all truck drivers. Anguished protests came from Senator Robert Taft and Representative Sam Hobbs (who reportedly drafted his anti-racketeering bill after reading a Beck speech on organizing the South), but Dave had no time to trade barbs. He was too busy planning more organizing campaigns with the presidents of the AFL Building Service Employees and the Retail Clerks unions.

Conditions are ripe for Beck's move. Labor organization apparently has reached its peak in the industrial field outside the South, but there are well over a million unorganized workers in the distributive field. Dave, who has expansive ideas about "my jurisdiction," intends to get them. Ancient Dan Tobin still is nominal president of the teamsters, but as executive vice-president, Beck is running the show.

In Beck the rest of the country will meet a new type of labor leader, one who publicly expresses as much concern for the profits of the employer as he does for the welfare of the workingman. He is now expressing his ideas to business forums throughout the nation in this kind of language: "I firmly believe that industry must make a profit to pay labor. You can't get anything out of an empty barrel." Beck's philosophy of unionism is the alliance of his segment of labor with business against everybody else—including other unions and the public.

The Seattle teamster should not be underestimated. Despite his comic-opera aspects, he is able, ruthless and charged with boundless ambition. He is a master organizer; in the past eleven years he has herded 290,000 duespayers into his Western jurisdiction. In 24 years he has risen from truck driver to economic boss of the rich Northwest.

David (he detests the name) Beck was a freckled, redhaired boy of four when he arrived in Seattle in

1898, the year of the Alaska gold rush. Despite the city's turbulent prosperity, the Becks seldom could make ends meet, and Dave had to go to work selling papers the year he entered the first grade. He liked school and spent much of his spare time reading history and biography. (He still does. Favorite subject: Abraham Lincoln.) But in 1911, his junior year of high school, when there wasn't enough food on the Beck table, he quit and took a job in the laundry where his mother worked.

The laundry wasn't organized, a fact Beck recently recalled. "Mom and I used to work ten to twelve hours every day," he said. "I would tell her when we walked home at night that I was going to do something so that people wouldn't have to work away their lives as we were doing. And by God I have!"

Dave became a laundry-wagon driver in 1917 and joined the Teamsters' Union. A few months later the drivers went on strike for union recognition and won it. The young redhead was impressed.

After wartime service overseas, Beck returned to his old job and the first general strike in US history. He was unwillingly swept up in its IWW fervor and since then has had no use for labor radicalism.

"Those Wobblies were nuts," Beck says. "You can't beat the bosses by trying to destroy them. I have no use for class warfare."

Yet Beck's later organizing success came from adopting the IWW's idea of organizing workers on a regional structure, and using his economic strength in every section. He unionized Los Angeles and Portland by cracking down on the same employers in Seattle and San Francisco. When they signed coastwise agreements, it opened the dike in the open-shop citadels.

Dave's florid speeches about the need for organizing caught Dan Tobin's attention in 1925. He took Beck off the laundry truck and made him a general organizer. The young redhead hadn't finished high school, but he was taking extension courses at the University of Washington and had some economic ideas of his own which soon began to show up in teamster contracts.

In 1927, Dave negotiated a contract with the local laundry association which reflected his theories and provided the basis for later charges of "price fixing" and "collusion with business." The contract fixed a standardized price list for the laundries, on which the drivers' 12-percent commissions were based. Charged

Joe Miller is a Seattle newspaperman whose articles have appeared in the New Republic on several occasions.

with price fixing, Beck was successfully defended by his friend, the late Lewis B. Schwellenbach.

With the favorable decision in his pocket, he proceeded to expand this contract pattern throughout the teamsters' Northwest jurisdiction. Within a few years he was able to tell a prospective laundry operator:

"Seattle has more laundries than it needs. I'd advise you not to locate here." And to a reporter:

"Seattle has too many filling stations. We're going to have to close some of them down."

Beck quickly organized all the legitimate teamsters in his bailiwick. This done, he looked for other territories to conquer.

An exuberant eagerness to extend his hegemony quickly brought violent conflict with other unions. Beck directed the sometimes bloody battles with ruthless skill. His "goon squads" muscled Bridges' longshoremen back to the West Coast waterfront, beat up newspapermen and AFL Newsboys' Union members when they objected to his methods, and drove the AFL Brewery Workers out of the West with clubs and blackjacks. (The beer war, a great break for Western brewers, started rumors that Beck was getting 50 cents a barrel for keeping Eastern beer out of the Northwest. So persistent were the rumors that the Bureau of Internal Revenue investigated, but found no evidence.)

As Beck's labor barony expanded in the late thirties, what democracy there was in the Western teamsters contracted. For public consumption he often talks about "free, democratic trade unionism," but there is no such thing among his teamsters. Beck appoints the secretaries, who are the actual leaders of the locals. "We obey orders and don't ask any questions," the secretary of a large Seattle local told me.

Little opportunity for rank-and-file expression is granted at Seattle teamster meetings, and those who get out of line are dealt with. As a teamster who was fired for refusing to obey Beck's orders and drive through another union's picket line testified to the NLRB:

... We know of members who have been beaten up [by the teamster goon squad]. In every man's mind there exists fear that he will suffer the same fate if he gets out of line. The members are afraid to be outwardly critical because a record is written and their names are kept. It would be a simple matter to catch them after the meetings. ...

Beck doesn't deny his autocratic control. "I'm paid \$25,000 a year to run this outfit," he has said. "Unions are big business. Why should truck drivers and bottle washers be allowed to make big decisions affecting union policy? Would any corporation allow it?"

The last sentence explains a lot about Beck. His

heroes are businessmen and he tries to act just as they would. Dave's fondest boasts are: that he runs the teamsters like a corporation; that he could quit and receive a dozen offers of executive positions in industry; and that he is always in demand to speak before businessmen and business-administration students.

Beck worships the god Babbitt. There is something genuinely pathetic about him when he reminisces about joining the Elks and meeting for the first time lawyers, doctors and other "men of distinction." He is an inveterate joiner and loves fancy titles, particularly his current one as a regent of the University of Washington. His desire to be respected by businessmen is almost childlike in its intensity, yet there is nothing childish about the way he has gone after power and recognition as a Great Man. As Beck's importance increased, he dropped the role of union leader to pose as a labor-corporation executive, joined the Chamber of Commerce and boasted that his best friends were businessmen.

Although he lives modestly and doesn't drink or smoke, Beck loves the hallmarks of affluence in his public life. He drives a huge Cadillac and likes to boast that his office is more lavish than that of the president of the Northern Pacific Railroad.

You are ushered into this office by Ann Watkins, a handsome blonde who has been his secretary since 1927. Beck sits at a handcarved desk in the far corner of the thickly carpeted, mahogany-paneled sanctum. Without inviting you to sit down, he thumps his pudgy, carefully manicured hands on the desk and starts telling you about himself and the teamsters.

His conversation is constantly interrupted by the telephone, into which he gruffly snaps orders to lieutenants in Salt Lake, Los Angeles and Oakland. He wastes no time on pleasantries, and to an official of another union he will say, "If you want to talk it over with me, get on a plane and come out here." And hangs up.

There is nothing striking or picturesque about Beck's appearance. He is short; his plump face is sensitively pink and smooth, and he has but a fringe of sandy red-blond hair left. Some years ago he took an extensive reducing course in a \$25,000 gym he built for his personal use because magazine writers referred to him as "obese" and "squishy-muscled," but he remains obese.

Beck is the businessman's hero for one very good reason. In 1937, when Harry Bridges and the CIO began moving in from the waterfront, Beck told business, "If you don't take me, you'll get Bridges." Not without misgivings, they put in with Beck. He kept his word to maintain industrial peace, which explains how a man who was almost universally hated by business twelve years ago can inspire a comment like this from

ultra-conservative Franklin McLaughlin, president of the Northwest's largest private utility:

"Beck is a top labor statesman and an outstanding civic leader. He's absolutely tops. With him we've had peace when it might have been hell."

For the past decade any Seattle union planning a strike has had to figure on two opponents: management and Beck. Many leaders of smaller unions have told me they would be afraid to call a strike for fear Beck would break it by recruiting scabs.

At no time has this threat been demonstrated more dramatically than last summer, when Beck broke the strike of 15,000 machinists at the Boeing Airplane Company (the *NR*, August 30, 1948), by sending men through picket lines and organizing strikebreakers. His part was so notorious that *Commonweal*, liberal Catholic weekly, called him "Beck the Strikebreaker" and "a subject for prayer."

The bald teamster's strikebreaking efforts have been felt throughout the West. In 1947, he was instrumental in stopping a general strike in Oakland and a walkout by 6,000 AFL retail clerks in Los Angeles by ordering teamsters through picket lines. Last year striking CIO warehousemen in San Francisco hurriedly ended their strike against a grocery chain when Beck appeared. These scab-herding activities appear not to bother Beck's conscience one whit. He has no sense of trade-union solidarity and views CIO, independent and AFL unions outside his satrapy with the loathing of a high-caste Hindu for an untouchable.

Beck is a man of prejudice and he directed it most actively against the Nisei. Before war's end he was speaking before businessmen's groups with the message, "We must unite in opposition to the return of the Japs." In Seattle the teamsters would not haul the truck-garden produce of the Japanese Americans: only 3,000 of the 20,000 Nisei who lived there before the war have returned.

Dave's popularity among Seattle businessmen is by no means universal. A minority feels that Beck's rule over prices is slowly strangling free enterprise in Seattle and points to the postwar business growth experienced by Portland and Spokane (where Beck is weakest) while Seattle has been relatively static. What happens in Dave's domain is the stifling of business initiative. To those who charge him with setting up monopolistic practices, Beck answers disarmingly, "Oh, I believe in competition. But it must be of a fair and reasonable nature." The tribunal which decides what is "fair and reasonable" is Dave Beck. Those who dispute his decision may find a picket line around their plants, although they are living up to their contracts.

Bitter resentment against his strikebreaking and dictatorial methods has utterly destroyed Beck's popularity in his home town, despite his energetic efforts to cultivate it through civic leadership. When he attempted to collect Seattle's Community Chest deficit last winter, he had to give up after weeks of tub-thumping with but a third of it raised.

His open political support now is a virtual kiss of death, a statement to which Washington's ex-Governor Mon Wallgren will testify. Harry Truman's crony thinks that Arthur Langlie defeated him for the governorship by campaigning with the slogan, "A vote for Wallgren is a vote for Beck." Langlie wrote a letter to every unionist in the state promising not to do business with Dave because "... Beck in his lust for power has attempted to destroy the free democratic trade unions of this state." Labor voted for Langlie.

Beck and his candidates have shown an appalling lack of political finesse. Seattle's late mayor, John F. Dore, swept into office by Beck's organizational strength in 1936, openly boasted: "Brother Dave Beck was the greatest factor in my election, and I am going to pay back my debt ... regardless of what happens."

Dore delivered. Teamster goon squads roaming the streets to beat up CIO members, non-unionists or recalcitrant AFL men received a friendly nod from Seattle policemen. Picket lines not approved by Beck were dissolved by Dore.

The reaction to this type of political payoff was so intense that, since 1938, every successful Seattle mayoralty candidate has campaigned on the simple issue: If the people of Seattle want Dave Beck for mayor, then they should vote for my opponent.

Beck finally appears to recognize his political maladroitness. Discussing his future, he said recently, "I think what work I can do in the organizing field is tremendously more important than what I might be able to do in the legislative field."

Now Hannibal is crossing the Alps. He has promised to carry his organizing drive "into every industry where there are warehousemen," a course certain to bring him into conflict with Reuther's auto workers, the International Association of Machinists (his Boeing enemy), Bridges' warehousemen and many smaller unions. Beck's boast last year that the teamsters would triple their membership "within the foreseeable future" by using his methods was carefully noted by rival union leaders. They are almost certain to be primed for Dave.

Beck promises those in the path of his march toward labor supremacy that he intends to make good his boasts. "Any movement must keep going forward or it will die," he says. "So Dave Beck is always advancing."

MALAYA'S TROUBLES HAVE JUST BEGUN

by Walter Briggs

ONE AFTERNOON I visited a large British-owned rubber plantation a few miles north of Kuala Lumpur in the Federation of Malaya. A gravel road wound through groves of tall, thin, silvery trees. These trees—together with Malaya's tin mines—buy the rice and curry for her people. And they bring Britain more dollars than all the United Kingdom's midget cars, fine woolens and other exports put together.

Without tin and rubber, Malaya, which is mostly jungle, would be poorer than Mississippi. Through the decades Britain has multiplied Malaya's population by importing coolies from China and India to work these industries. If suddenly deprived of the income from rubber alone—that is, if the market should fall away—Malaya's British overlords would face a revolution compared with which the present Communist terrorism is trivial.

At the plantation that day I met a graying British scientist-planter who had spent his adult life experimenting, over hundreds of acres, on rubber trees. He showed me species which, as a result of persistent grafting, produced three to four times the milky latex of ordinary trees. But he was an unhappy man. "Synthetic is getting cheaper and better," he said. "Soon all my work will have gone for nothing."

Last year the US bought 38 percent of Malaya's rubber—more than the next two consumers, the United Kingdom and Russia, combined. And the US is the world's foremost producer of synthetic rubber. Without American purchases, Malaya's rubber industry would collapse. Yet US rubber consumers are turning increasingly to synthetic. The new "cold rubber" outwears natural. Within a few years, the United States probably will be using synthetic almost entirely.

Malaya's planters are as angry at America as a schoolboy is at a father who cuts his allowance. They argue that, for the sake of peace in troubled Asia, the US should limit synthetic output and buy more natural rubber, stockpiling it, if need be, for strategic purposes.

Ironically, Malaya's tin miners, who by international agreement will get continued high prices for several years, also criticize the US. Washington has advanced no plan for consistent buying following the stockpiling period. What happens to tin prices later? the miners ask. Meanwhile, their colleagues, Malaya's smelters, are

irate because America has decided to import Malayan tin in ore form for processing at Texas City.

The planters and miners are also haunted these days by the terrorists. Many of their brethren have been shot and stabbed in the night. "Of course I know that the terrorist incidents are decreasing," a harrowed miner told me, "but occasionally one of us still does get it. I may be next."

A force of about 50,000 men—soldiers, sailors, airmen, police and native constables—is gradually driving the Communists deep into the jungles. But relatively few Communists are being killed. Numerically, at least, the Communists—with a hard core of about 1,500 and 5,000 hangers-on—are practically as strong as when they revolted in June, 1948. Hectored by the police, they jumped off several weeks ahead of the schedule set for them at the international Communist conference in Calcutta and, according to the authorities, never did get fully organized. Captured prisoners and documents reveal that their morale is sinking. Interestingly, in view of the Chinese Communists' sweep south, the Malayan Reds, who are predominantly Chinese, apparently are receiving communications through the British crown colony of Hong Kong, and a number of Chinese Communists have sneaked into Malaya recently.

In fighting the Communists the British have felt obliged to suspend civil liberties. Numerous villages of Chinese squatters known to have sheltered Communists have been moved wholesale and hundreds of their inhabitants banished to China. The Communists aim to disrupt the flow of strategic materials to the West, install a "people's republic" and orient Malaya toward Moscow. Their duplicity was most apparent in relation to the budding labor unions. Having infiltrated many of these, the Communists skipped with their treasuries when the revolution began. In contrast, the British, honestly if slowly, are trying to prepare the diverse peoples—Malay, Chinese and Indian—for self-government. Most nationalists believe that the British are sincere.

The presently separate Singapore and Federation governments continue, as of old, to be influenced by the wealthy old British firms. The *tuan besars*, the big bosses who possess this influence, and the British civil servants who have lived easy years on the Malaya gravy train naturally are reluctant to contemplate the depart-

This is the second of a series of articles on Southeast Asia by Walter Briggs, who has spent several years as a journalist in the Orient.

ture of the Raj. But Britain's postwar colonial tide, a neat combination of progressive and expedient acts, will doubtless sweep them along.

And, considering Malaya's grim economic future, many of them are saying, "Well, our going will be just

as well, anyway." In truth, they realize that, dependent as Malaya is on the whims of the world's consumers, they can as little halt the flow of events there as Singapore's cannon, aimed the wrong way, could stop the Japanese army in 1942.

THE FLIMSY WALLS—A Short Story

by C. W. Parker

SAM REACHED for his heavy briefcase packed with mid-term examination bluebooks. As he lifted up the car door and pushed with his shoulder to make it shut, he heard the wails of children worn out from play and hungry for their supper. He felt again the small tightening of the muscles between his shoulder blades. Stepping around a turned-over tricycle and a smashed orange crate, he looked at the long rows of lighted windows, with a squat little porch for each three windows. The apartments had been fashioned with a cynical disregard for human nerves and modesty, Sam felt. But, holding the lowest professional rank after the long struggle for his doctorate in history, he was grateful for the cheap rent.

He heard his own baby start to cry as he stooped to pick up the evening paper from his porch, built on the end of a wing. Straightening up, he glimpsed his wife's head and shoulders through the semi-opaque window of the kitchen, and pushed back his hat with the side of his hand. All the windows were semi-opaque. The wings on their block had been psychopathic wards before the university had taken over the sprawling hospital from the Army and, with government aid, divided each ward into living units. Martha said that if any patients ever returned to visit their old haunts, they'd say the place hadn't changed a damn.

She loathed the apartments, Sam knew. Her loathing had appeared, like a dun little snake, soon after they moved in here a year ago. Now it was large, and coiled around them often in the small rooms. The Grayfields next door fed it. Sam tried to be reasonable. A childless, middle-aged couple, the Grayfields had moved in at the beginning of the term. Grayfield was a newly appointed professor in the School of Education. They ate early every evening; and, once their dishes were put away, scarcely a sound came from their unit. Apparently they read a lot. They did not go out, except

on Sunday afternoons. When they did go, Martha always brightened; and then Sam too, because of her relief.

Sam didn't know why they kept living in the noisy wings, considering the salary Grayfield was probably making as a full professor. There were apartments in town, if you could meet the price. Martha said they liked to hear the young couples spilling over. When she said so, Sam hitched his shoulders. Undeniably, the Grayfields could listen if they wanted to. The interior walls of the wings were thin, actually nothing more than two sheets of wallboard nailed to studs and splashed with ice-green paint.

"IT'S ME, MARTHA," Sam called, coming in the door, which brought him directly into the living room. No answer came through the closed kitchen door to his right. Picking his way around the baby's play-pen, he laid the paper and his briefcase on the sofa, bristly and royal-blue, that came with the apartment. Pulling aside a tan, monk's cloth curtain, he stowed his hat above the towels in the tiny alcove inset between the unit's two small bedrooms. He heard indistinctly the hushed, almost sibilant talk of the Grayfields.

"I'm home, Martha," he said, opening the kitchen door. He felt foolish when she didn't answer. She only glanced at him, swiftly wiping the back of her hand across her cheek. Slender, dark-haired, she wore navy-blue slacks and a faded, red-plaid blouse, freshly ironed and neatly tucked inside her slacks. Her hands moved with furious speed as she shredded lettuce.

"How's Eli?" he said, going over to the baby in the high chair. He started to kiss him, but the baby's nose was running. "Uh-oh, catching cold. He'll be crying tonight."

"Yes," she said.

He stepped to her side, intending to kiss her, but she immediately dropped her paring knife, swung away from him, and went to the stove. "What's the matter, Martha?" he asked.

C. W. Parker is studying for an English Ph.D. at Stanford University. He served in the Army during the war. This is his first published short story.

Turning, she looked directly at him. "Mrs. Grayfield paid me a visit today."

"You mean the ice is broken?"

"Broken, and it cuts. It wasn't pleasant."

"On her first call?" Sam said. "Why, Martha? What did she say?"

"Do you remember last night when I asked you to get me some aspirin and a glass of water? When I couldn't sleep?"

"Sure," he said cheerfully. He was glad that Martha was talking, and eager to be sympathetic.

"Well, that's what the visit was about."

"The visit?" he asked.

"Mrs. Grayfield came over here today to inform me that *her* husband got up to get *her* a glass of water and aspirin."

"What for? Couldn't she sleep either?"

"Ah, don't, Sam," she said, clenching her fingers and shaking her head. "The walls, the flimsy damn flimsy walls."

"Grayfield heard you, you mean, and thought it was his wife." His voice broke a little from the laughter rising in him; but, looking at her tears, he felt the laughter quickly die.

"It's not funny, Sam," she said, her voice quavering.

"No, I guess not," he replied. "What did she make of it?"

"She said, 'Mr. Grayfield hoped we would try to be more quiet.' At least, in our bedroom." Martha winced as she spoke.

"The bitch," Sam said half-aloud.

"I can't take this any longer, Sam," Martha said. She was openly crying now. The baby spontaneously joined her. "We can't stay here. I won't live next to that creature and that rotten old man. She sits over there alone all day. Not a sound comes from that place. She sits. She waits. Every word I say or you say, she hears, she knows. She listens, Sam, for us, and I feel naked."

"Martha, get hold of yourself," he said gently and pleadingly, going to her, lifting her head, and holding her body against his. "It's not that bad."

She stiffened instantly. "It is, Sam, it is!" She shoved him away. Then she went over and pulled the baby from the high-chair. "I won't stay here, Sam. Not longer than the end of this month." She smothered Eli against her breast and patted the back of his head.

Sam stood still. Then he said slowly and stubbornly, "We can't afford to leave here, and you know it. We've talked about it enough. Not until we pay back Uncle Leo. We got the degree. Now he gets his money. You know we don't have the money to leave here. Not for another year, at the least."

"A year?" she said fiercely, her voice climbing. "Another year in this megaphone?" She came toward him.

"Get hold of yourself, Martha," he said, and realized that he had taken a step backward.

"Another year?" she repeated, her voice rising higher. "If you think I'm going to dance in that old witch's pot another year—"

"Martha—," he began, his voice strained and trembling.

"—you've got guts for brains!"

"Shut up!" he bellowed. Instantly he was sorry, but he said roughly, "Take care of Eli and get dinner on the table." Then he left the kitchen. The muscles across the back of his shoulders ached dully.

THEY ATE DINNER in a kind of throbbing silence. Neither of them looked at the other, even when he helped her carry the dirty dishes into the kitchen. After folding the table cloth, Sam carried one of the two living-room lamps over to the table, and, taking the bluebooks from his briefcase, stacked them on it. Then he sat down and began to alphabetize the bluebooks.

Before washing the dishes, Martha bathed Eli in the kitchen sink. Carrying the baby to his bedroom, she did not stop, as she usually did, so that he might kiss Eli goodnight. Twice, while washing the dishes, she had to go to the baby's room and soothe him. The second time, however, she left the kitchen door open when she came back. When the dishes were dried, she came into the living room, sat down on the sofa, and opened the evening paper. He then forgot her, losing himself in the job of grading the examinations.

"Sam," she said, when he was halfway through Endicott's bluebook. "They need stenographers in town. Kannersin's wants one."

"I suppose," he said, looking up momentarily.

"When I quit, Mel said I could come back there to work any time. You remember?"

"I remember." He reached for his cigarettes.

"Sam, it's a hundred and fifty dollars a month at least."

"So?" He laid his red pencil down and lit the cigarette.

"I want that job," she rushed on. "I can go to work, and then we can move, Sam. We can get out of here."

"We decided you were never going back to work after I got my Ph.D.," he said. "Remember?"

"I remember. But it's different now."

"Sure," he said. "We've got Eli."

"With that job, Sam, I could pay somebody to take care of him."

"A ten months' old baby? No, Martha."

"Some of the girls around here would be glad to

do it. They need money. They have children of their own. They're good mothers."

"You wouldn't be, Martha," he said gently. "And you forget. According to your plan, we wouldn't be living here any more."

"I'd get up early in the morning and drive him out here," she said. "Oh, Sam, I would."

"And drive him home late after work, I suppose. Eight hours a day at Kannersin's and an hour a day running the baby back and forth. Nine hours a day. What happens to my home?"

"What's happening to it now?" she said quickly. "It's bad either way, Sam. But it's worse this way. Can't you see that? We've got to get away from that old woman. It's not fair. It's wrong. We have no privacy, Sam. None. We have no secrets from her. There's nothing we say or do she can't know or doesn't know. She's evil. She's prurient—"

"Don't start it all over again, Martha." His voice was anxious.

"Wait a minute!" she said swiftly. Her voice had dropped to an urgent whisper. "Listen. They're doing it again." She leaned forward and cocked her head a little to one side, away from him.

There was complete silence in the room. "Don't be silly," he said. "Doing what again?"

Martha's head was still cocked to the side. She said, as if to herself, "She takes a water glass and puts it against the wall. Then she puts her ear against the glass so she can hear better."

"Martha, don't be ridiculous," he said.

She turned her face toward him. "I heard her break a glass one night, Sam. After you had gone to sleep."

He started. Then he sat back. Finally he said, "Anybody can drop a glass. Maybe she was taking medicine or something. You don't know."

"O.K., Sam," she said, getting up and letting the paper fall to the sofa.

"Martha, I'm only trying to carry out plans we made long ago," he said. "We have the Ph.D., and we have Eli. Now we have to go along with the obligations they brought us."

"Maybe she wanted an aspirin, eh, Sam?" she said, looking directly at him.

"Maybe she didn't. Maybe she was listening. But you were too. Remember that. Either you or she, it doesn't make much difference. It really doesn't. People listen. It's instinctive."

"Sure, Sam," she said, and, turning, walked away from him.

"Wait a minute, Martha. Don't act that way about it. This deal is no good. I know that. I really do. As soon as we can afford it, we'll leave. In the mean-

time, we keep our distance, and they keep theirs."

"Like this morning, you mean." She had stopped in the doorway of their bedroom.

He elaborately stamped out his cigarette before answering, even though the stub he held was so short that it burned his fingers. "They wanted to register a complaint, I guess," he said, trying to pick his words, and aware that they sounded makeshift. "People do. And they—she—came to you and made it. That's their right. She did it the only way she could, decently. She came and knocked on the door and told you."

"You bet, Sam," she said, and went into the bedroom.

It was impossible for him simply to sit there. He got up and followed her. "Martha, you stay in bed tonight," he said haltingly. "You stay in bed and get a good sleep. If the baby fusses, I'll take care of him."

She merely glanced at him from the corner of her eyes, as she turned back the bedspread. "Sure, Sam."

He plunged back into the examinations and worked intently until he was very tired. His watch read twelve-thirty when he stacked the graded papers in one neat pile and the ungraded beside them. No sound came from Eli. He undressed quickly after checking the baby's covers. Before turning out the light and climbing over to the far side of their bed, he saw that Martha was sleeping on her back with one arm thrown above her head. The posture had pulled her breast partly out of her nightgown. Sam shook his head tiredly. She usually slept modestly on her side. He kissed the up-thrown arm very gently before settling down next to the wall. Tomorrow, maybe, she would be all right. But for how long, he wondered, even as he fell asleep.

HE AWOKE with a jerk of his whole body. The baby was crying in his bedroom. Somebody, he thought, had called out his name. He looked at Martha. Her arm was still flung above her head. He looked out the window. It was dark outside. Then he heard his name called again—in a sharp, feminine whisper. "Mr. Shank," it said insistently. "Sam Shank, your child's awake." He looked at the wall, and as quickly looked away. He felt his heart pounding. Gingerly, he got out of bed and stood a moment, hesitating to turn on the light. Then he went in the darkness to the crying baby.

He came back into the living room, holding the baby in one arm, and, fumbling for the switch, turned on the lamp beside the table. His hand was shaking as he reached for the newspaper on the sofa. Knocking the stacks of bluebooks off onto the floor with a sweep of his arm, he spread the paper out on the table. One by one, he turned the pages, searching for Kannersin's ad.

HAROLD L. ICKES: Senator McCarran and the ECA Bill

IT WOULD NOT be accurate to say that Senator Pat McCarran of Nevada reached a new low in statesmanship when he offered an amendment to earmark up to \$50 million in the ECA appropriation bill as a gift to the Spanish dictator, Franco. The fact is that Senator McCarran has for many years operated at the legislative low of the "greatest deliberative body on earth." It is doubtful whether history, at least during this generation, could offer a rival to McCarran as the most undesirable member of the Senate. Compared with him, the late Bilbo of Mississippi was a knight in shining armor. Fortunately, once again President Truman, as when he decried the Red hysteria, hit the nail on the head when he opposed this proposed gratuity to Spain with the remark, according to the Associated Press, "Franco Spain is a nation with which this country is not on friendly relations."

A scrutiny of his record makes clear that McCarran will always bear watching. He is one of the most socially retarded members of the Senate. By joining with James A. Farley, Eric Johnston and other individuals in an attempt to raid the United States Treasury in behalf of Generalissimo Franco, he is not representing American sentiment. He is contemptuous of the conscience of America. For good and sufficient reasons, we withdrew our ambassador from Spain. For even better reasons, the people called the turn on our own State Department recently when, in the international game being played at Lake Success, it was ready to pull from its sleeve a card bearing the sinister likeness of the midget Mussolini.

Senator McCarran does not scruple to attempt to raid the ECA, upon which depend the hopes of the free nations of Europe (and Portugal besides) for economic rehabilitation that would be of great advantage to our own country. Although \$50 million would be only a drop on the economic desert that is Spain, McCarran doubtless believes that, once committed to a policy of aid to Spain, we would pour more good money after bad, as we have been doing in Greece and Turkey and as he and others wish us to do in China. His hope doubtless is that the trickle of \$50 million could be swelled into a real tide of American dollars which Franco could use, directly or indirectly, to maintain the oversized army with which he holds the impoverished Spanish people in submission. He wants to commit us to a policy which would be a stain upon our honor. It is a maneuver that is characteristic of the man.

To admit Spain, either by the front or the back door, into the company of the freedom-loving nations of Europe would be both self-stultifying and cynical. Our digestive processes are uneasy enough as it is, trying to accommodate themselves to Salazar, the Portuguese replica of Franco. If we should try to assimilate Franco, we would find it impossible to explain ourselves to those who love freedom. It would be an act of the rankest hypocrisy when laid alongside our repeated protestations of support to liberty and to the fight against tyranny in every part of the world.

There is no liberty in Spain, as everyone knows—no freedom of assembly, nor of press, nor of speech, nor of religion. Franco's fiat, changeable at his whim and without popular sanction, is the law of the land. Fortunately, there are not enough McCarrans and Farleys in the world to persuade the people of the United States that what is jet black is the purest white.

Only recently 7,000 Spaniards, with the permission of their government, crossed the Pyrenees into France to witness some international athletic event. And 1,000 of these Spaniards took advantage of their being on free French soil to stay there, safe from the tyrannies and oppressions of Franco. In a newspaper dispatch dated July 8, we were told of a court martial which had "sentenced fifteen alleged Socialists to prison terms running from five years to twenty, on conviction of engaging in subversive propaganda against the state." What sort of propaganda it was that was so brutally requited was not stated. Conceivably it might have been propaganda advocating such a government as that of Democratic America or of Socialist Britain. It may simply have been such opposition to Franco as may be freely expressed in the United States in regard to any public officer.

Even when we try Communists in this country, we do so with all of the safeguards and with all of the rights and immunities implicit in a judicial system in a country of free men. We would not try Socialists in the United States at all, but if we should do so, it would be in open court before a jury, and not by a court martial consisting of pampered Army officers. It is the highly paid and luxurious-living army of Franco that alone makes it possible for him to hold in subjection, with a rod of iron, a brave but half-starved people who crave liberty.

The American people want no appeasement of the Spanish Führer.

HAROLD L. ICKES

BOOKS IN REVIEW

GEORGE ORWELL'S PARADISE LOST

by Robert Hatch

IT WOULD NOT be easy to chart on a graph the course of man's experience down the centuries. The line of human progress, a convenient term, would be a confusion of peaks and troughs, of advance and retreat, and there would be little definite you could say of it except that it had never been broken. (Writers of fiction, however, have long

NINETEEN EIGHTY-FOUR, by George Orwell (Harcourt, Brace; \$3).

known that if you seize upon the line at any given moment and project it straight off into the future you can produce stimulating results.)

The experiment has been made many times and with widely differing results, depending on the inventive powers and interests of the writer and on the particular aspect of civilization he chose to stress. If you project mechanics and laboratory research, you get science fantasy (very popular just now). If you postulate a geometric, or even an arithmetic, progression of the intellect and the sensory powers, you produce what is generally called an "amazing" story. If, finally, you concern yourself with social institutions, you arrive at some sort of utopia. This imaginary state of the future may be idyllic or it may be exceedingly nasty, depending on whether you decide that the line is pointing up or down at the moment of your departure. Right now, the sort of people who write books are feeling depressed and those who embark for utopia are ending up at unpleasant places. Aldous Huxley's Southern California of *Ape and Essence* was a degraded and disgusting community; George Orwell's London of *Nineteen Eighty-Four* is even worse. In fact, the tale his imagination has to tell is so alarming that editorials are being written on the subject and there seems to be a general feeling that steps will have to be taken. Before the

panic becomes too widespread, it should perhaps be pointed out that Orwell is just playing a new version of "let's pretend." The future may be bright or it may be black; it won't be a straight projection from the present.

In simplest terms, the author of *Nineteen Eighty-Four* has pushed what he considers the iniquitous power of the modern state, England, say, under the present Labour Government, to an ultimate conclusion. (He feels that we are being deprived of too many freedoms, that there is too much interference in our private lives, and he foretells the day when we shall have no liberty and no privacy whatever.) It is historically true that we have given up a lot of freedom: to knock our neighbor over the head, for instance; or, more recently, to raise our children in pristine ignorance. And it is a fact that an internal revenue inspector, or an FBI agent, feels entitled to ask impertinent questions. Orwell doesn't like this (who does?) and he calls the deteriorating situation to our attention by supposing that the time will come when we shall forfeit the right to enjoy our marriage beds and when two-way telescreens and hovering police helicopters will spy into our most private and trivial moments. He even puts a date to it—1984—and that perhaps is what makes his prophecy so chilling.

Surely, nobody can object to Orwell's employing his imagination in any manner he sees fit, and since he is blessed with an ingenious one, nobody can deny that his book is entertaining in a repulsive way. (The only thing to guard against is taking it too seriously, for as a guide to the future *Nineteen Eighty-Four* is a blind alley.)

By 1984, the world has been organized into three superstates—Eurasia,

Eastasia and Oceania, and the population of each has again been divided in three—inner party, party members and proles. The events of the novel take place in Oceania (more specifically, in London, the capital of Airstrip One), but we are to assume that life in the other two states is approximately the same. (The inflexible law of international affairs is war, always two of the superstates against the third but subject from hour to hour to a realignment of forces.) This war provides the unifying drive of society and excuses the state of shabby misery into which it has fallen. There can be no resolution of the struggle because the balance of strength is too delicately adjusted and any real conflict takes place in remote no-man's lands on the periphery of the empires.

The ruler of Oceania (who may not exist) is Big Brother, and a prevailing slogan is "Big Brother is watching you." (Like so many of Orwell's details, this one of Big Brother is a brilliant extension of an existing perversion, in this case the cloying heartiness of religio-fascism.)

The victims of Oceanic despotism are the party members, the middle-class white-collar slaves (you and me). The inner party is invisible, omnipotent, inscrutable and probably small in number. The proles, who make up the bulk of the nation and do its manual labor, are relatively unchanged from today's working class. They still live in the East End of London, still gamble in the football pools, still play darts in their pubs and raise large families around earthy and competent wives. They are not spied upon by the thought police, not carted off to the Ministry of Love to be tortured and killed; not deprived of the satisfactions of love and laughter. They alone are free souls, and this because by definition (Orwell's definition) they are

incapable of thought, of action, of threat to the obscene leadership.

The party member is a true specimen of degradation. He is eternally under observation, his life is regimented in long hours of work and compulsory recreation. He is taught to communicate in Newspeak, which springs from the principle of Doublethink and eliminates words, and thereby concepts, that lead to Crimethink.

The hero of the novel is party member Winston Smith, who toils at the Ministry of Truth and whose job is to rewrite back issues of the *Times* to make them conform to the current "line." It is essential in the culture of Oceania that truth, reality even, is only what the inner party asserts it to be at a given moment. Smith is a man approaching middle age in a state of miserable health, poorly clothed and fed, insufficiently supplied with tobacco, devoid of friends and reduced to drinking a "national" gin so vile that it is more nauseating than intoxicating. Smith, so far as he knows, is the last Crimethinker left in the world, and he determines to keep a diary in spite of the almost inevitable consequences. At first he is alone, but before long a girl joins his clandestine life; their association is based entirely on the fact that they share the forbidden, and almost extinct, taste for sex. Reproduction continues in Oceania, but only as a duty to the state, and the libido is dead. (This, of course, does not apply to the fortunate proles.)

Soon after his love life is tolerably arranged, Smith is given an opportunity to join a revolutionary underground. O'Brien, ostensibly a member of the inner party, is his initiator; Smith takes an oath and is given a subversive history to read, one written by Emmanuel Goldstein, the Oceanic Trotsky. Smith's time is now running out: the underground is a creation of the inner party, a bit of flypaper to catch the last remnants of humanity, and O'Brien is chief judge and executioner. Smith is dragged off to the Ministry of Love, to the great climax for which the rest of the book has been an introduction. This final scene

has been highly praised—at least once it has been compared to the "Grand Inquisitor" scene in *The Brothers Karamazov*.

It becomes evident early in the endless days of torture that O'Brien is not interested in making Smith confess to anything, nor primarily in eliminating him. What O'Brien wants, what he insists upon, is that Smith shall find salvation, that he shall be transformed by the grace of Big Brother. It is not a matter of submitting to discipline; Smith, who has no more than average courage and who very much dislikes being hurt, is ready to agree to any stipulation, but that won't do. He must not just say that $2 + 2 = 5$, he must believe it; he must not only mouth the lies of the telescreen, they must be truth to him. As O'Brien says, "We make the brain clean before we blow it out," and Smith strives mightily for absolution. But Smith's brain is stronger than Smith, and he cannot achieve release from sanity; not until O'Brien shoots a current through his brain and breaks down the cells a bit. Then, indeed, he can believe the unbelievable and betray the unbetrayable; then at last he is safe in the love of Big Brother.

(Orwell presents the fate of Smith as the final defeat of humanity, but it can as easily be seen as a victory. Death is not the same thing as defeat and, except in the technical sense that he still breathes and blinks his eyes, Smith is dead long before the duel is over.) The point that Orwell seems to miss is that O'Brien could not convert Smith; he could only drive him insane.

Is this a "mad scientist" story, one of those horror yarns in which a deranged doctor turns men into manikins? The laboratory trappings make it look so, but that doesn't seem to be Orwell's point. He has observed that totalitarian countries show a cavalier attitude toward verifiable reality, and he is imagining the day when all logic, all evidence will be swept aside by omnipotent power. Such tyranny is real in the world; we have current examples. Maintaining the delicate balance between human dignity and bu-

reaucratic efficiency, between freedom and security, is the critical problem of our age. The dangers of a proliferating state are evident even without the examples of Germany and Russia. But we cannot make it wither away, and we must discover therefore how to master it, confine it, use it for our purposes.

(The objection to *Nineteen Eighty-Four* is not that it is too bizarre, but that it is not bizarre enough.) The author is obviously warning us that we face extinction, that the course we are embarked upon will lead in the near future to an abdication of humanity in favor of the governing machine. From the nationalization of coal to the elimination of the human soul is only a short step, but to take it Orwell must make one very broad assumption: that men are a thoroughly contemptible race of beings incapable of holding their place in the world. His aloofness is more than aristocratic disdain; it appears as an embracing misanthropy that dries the springs of sympathy and makes his book a logician's exercise rather than a work of art.

Whatever Orwell's intention, the effect of *Nineteen Eighty-Four* is to make us stop in our tracks, to try no more experiments lest they destroy our fragile humanity, to retreat if we can from the abyss. But we cannot retreat and the abyss is not there. Orwell's pit of universal dissolution is outside the pattern of human relationships. It demands a new race, a tribe of super ants, to usurp the future, and the threat of that chimera is no more useful a guide to present conduct than warnings that we are presently to be the victims of a celestial collision.

In all probability, 1984 will be a difficult year—most presidential-election years are. But by New Year's Day, 1985, if not sooner, Orwell's utopia will be over on the fantastic fiction shelf where it belongs. Which is not to say that we should dismiss his novel because ours is the best of all possible worlds, or because he does not hit upon a number of the things wrong with it, but because no problem has ever yet been solved by crying, "We are undone."

SUBVERSION AT HOME

PATTERNS OF ANTI-DEMOCRATIC THOUGHT, by David Spitz (Macmillan; \$4.50).

IN VIEW of the current eagerness to detect and expunge the slightest trace of anything subversive to Americanism, one might suppose that this country is the simon-pure example of the democratic faith, if not in practice, at least in doctrine. Yet this scholarly book summarizes several important varieties of anti-democratic theory as expounded by eminent Americans, most of whom wrote within the past thirty years. Anyone who supposes that vigorous opposition to democratic principles has not grown in the soil of the New World is much mistaken. Nothing would be easier than to lose democracy by internal malfunction, even if we rigorously isolated ourselves from all foreign infection.

David Spitz, of course, first has to define what he means by that much abused word, democracy. It is distinguished from other forms of the state by two central characteristics—the free play of conflicting opinion and the constitutional responsibility of the rulers to the ruled. It may encompass many specific types of governing, but essentially it is present whenever a majority can change the persons in power and the policies they follow, *and* when minorities have freedom to oppose, to organize and to convert enough people to become a majority.

One category of anti-democratic thought holds that democracy, whether desirable or not, cannot exist, since even though a constitution may appear to be democratic, an oligarchy will in fact hold the power. James Burnham is a leading exponent of the contention that an economic ruling class is an organizational necessity. Lawrence Dennis is certain that a power-seeking elite is sure to seize the reins. Other writers have held that even though democracy may for a while prevail, it is undesirable. Ralph Adams Cram argued that democratic government was bound to be incompetent because of the inferiority of the "average man." Madison

Grant, an American forerunner of Nazi theorists, maintained the superiority of the Nordic "race." E. M. Sait upheld the desirability of a biological aristocracy founded on scientific breeding; Santayana regarded rule by "the best" as essential; Irving Babbitt puritanically wanted authority to be placed in the hands of the minority who know what is "right."

Traces of every one of these beliefs may be detected throughout our society; they have left their mark in many American folkways. It is well to be able to identify enemies of democracy who are not listed as subversive by some official agency, since many of them are neither Communists nor fellow travelers, have never associated with anyone who supported democratic government in Spain or committed any of the other indiscretions which causes doubt about fitness to hold a federal job. It is well also to be familiar with their intellectual positions, and to know what can be said in refutation. Though this book makes no new contribution to democratic theory, it marshals the evidence in as able a defense of it as has appeared in a long time.

Even democratic leaders might profitably review the claims of those who argue that brute force is the only—or the main—basis of power. The power of opinion is real; force can do nothing without it in the long run:

When a band of armed men responds to a leader, or a platoon of soldiers to an officer, it is not the force of the single gun that secures their acquiescence; on the contrary, if the many so willed, they could turn their guns in overwhelming might against the inconsequential physical force embodied in the one.

It is strange how insubstantial the reasoning of the anti-democrats usually is. Democracy is not rule by the average man, and there is no average man. What other system has always, or even frequently, led to a high degree of competence or virtue among the rulers? Who, if not voters, is to be trusted to select the best, or the most fit to govern? The prejudices of believers in racial superiority have been

completely punctured by the anthropologists and the biologists. Though there is a science of heredity, environment probably has more to do with the traits that make for intelligence, character and health. Order does not imply the absence of freedom. Such statements are trite, but many still act as if they were not true.

GEORGE SOULE

THROUGH BLAKE'S EYES

ENGLISH BLAKE, by Bernard Blackstone (The Cambridge [England] University Press; \$6.50).

BERNARD BLACKSTONE maintains that Blake presented the union of mystic, philosopher, painter and poet in the supreme degree. Blake would not have denied it and would have been pleased by the fourfold category, since to him the quaternary, the Golden Square, was the emblem of joy, energy, freedom, as opposed to the circle. He refashioned the symbol of the circle (what conventional idea did Blake not turn upside down?) and, instead of considering it as eternity and perfection, thought of it as restriction.

Certainly in Blake there was little restriction. He embraced everything from emmets to infinity—everything except the limited fashions of thought which Bacon, Newton and Locke had brought into being. Against this rationalistic, scientifically observational thought he never ceased to wage his mental fight. In Dr. Blackstone's thesis, Blake revolted against the English mechanic philosophers toward something even more English, "towards the ancient wisdom of the patriarchs who were the first inhabitants of 'Albion's ancient Druid rocky shore'." This ancient wisdom cannot be the wisdom of the Druids, for their monoliths at Stonehenge are signs of materialism and mathematics, and Sir Isaac Newton himself is the arch-Druid of history. Indeed, as Blake says, "Adam was a Druid, and Noah." The wisdom must be older than Adam, just as Albion is more spacious than the sort of cosmos which telescopes can observe, and Blake is larger than Albion, since Albion is merely a shape in that blazing activity of the imaginative in-

tellec which constituted Blake's vision, and for him, reality.

Here is the real expanding universe: that full and complete consciousness in the "eternal now," in which the seer knows that "eternity expands its everduring doors." It was all in Blake in his final lodging-place at 3 Fountain Court, off the Strand, when he died in his seventieth year 122 years ago. Blake himself, mystic, philosopher, painter and poet, was his own Four Zoas. Above the blackening walls of London churches, in England's green and pleasant land, he built Jerusalem. He was "English Blake" in his independence of mind and his self-sufficiency, perhaps even in his rebellion against a tradition which he had absorbed, English in his conviction that all one need know could be found in England, and in England in London, and in London in William Blake.

Blackstone, lecturer at the University College of Swansea, is somewhat English also. He seems unaware both of Mark Schorer's penetrating *William Blake: The Politics of Vision* and of Northrop Frye's monumental *Fearful Symmetry*, though both of them consider Blake's mysticism, for instance, with rewarding caution and subtlety. These books, it is true, were published only three and two years ago; but Blackstone also seems to have made no use of Foster Damon's standard study. Instead, he takes the hard way of reading and rereading Blake, depending for biography on Alexander Gilchrist and for method on Willey's or Tillyard's relating of a thinker to his times.

Blake neat, of course, is a large enough subject for any book. Blackstone spirals the reader deeper and deeper into Blake's extraordinary mind and universe. The shorter first half of the book considers his life, which means the development of his works; the last half preaches over his everlasting gospel of man in relation to nature, society and God. Since Blackstone is not averse to letting Blake speak for himself, the book becomes a kind of guided tour through an an-

thology, with the guide skillfully pointing out the intellectual scenery behind the principal figure. When the same powerful and consistent thought is expressed again and again in the letters and lyrics, the marginalia and manuscript poems and the great poems lovingly and painstakingly set up by their own creator in his "illuminated printing," the reader comes to agree with his guide that, although Blake's teaching contains a theology, a politics, an esthetics, a morality, a philosophy and a sociology, all are but aspects of his single vision of life as art, as a means for attaining through the intense imagination "eternity on this side of the grave."

Why the profound interest in Blake today, signalized within three years by such searching, excellently reasoned, and tactful studies as Schorer's, Frye's and Blackstone's? May it be that the world is gradually correcting the idea that Blake was an unlicensed eccentric, gradually realizing that in the long history of human consciousness it is possible that Cartesian thought may be eccentric, as it certainly seems limited and dry in interpreting human experience? That arch-fiend Newton no longer possesses all the answers, nor is his the only acceptable approach. May it be also that Blake begins to come into perspective as the archetypal artist and the boldest believer in carving out answers to the great question of modern art: How may one construct for one's self, without benefit of God, creed or institutions, a vision of the world worth living for?

Blackstone has certainty, sympathy and the power to condense complicated materials and to clarify what appear superficially as opaque mysteries. In his book, Blake emerges as a comprehensible and comprehending giant, a noble figure in the history of thought. To paraphrase Blake's famous statement about seeing with the eye, though Blake may not have seen *with* men, he saw *through* them.

DONALD A. STAUFFER

Donald A. Stauffer is the author of several books, including *The Nature of Poetry*, *The Saint and the Hunchback* and *The Golden Nightingale* (just published by Macmillan). He is chairman of the Department of English at Princeton University.

FICTION PARADE

HUNTER'S HORN, by Harriette Arnow (Macmillan; \$3.50).

LEAVES IN THE WIND, by Gwyn Thomas (Little, Brown; \$3).

A CORNER OF THE WORLD, by Robert Shaplen (Knopf; \$2.75).

HUNTER'S HORN is the picture of a "world," which means it is crowded with "real-life" characters who follow, through 500 pages, the familiar routine of birth and death "past the end of a graveled road" in the Kentucky hills. In writing of the book for a publicity release, Harriette Arnow says: "All the characters live as men have always lived." This sounds suspiciously like a license for discursiveness, and it prepares the reader for the interminable and casually connected series of incidents supposedly following the pattern of ordinary life. They more probably follow the pattern of this kind of fiction, for if the life of any family or community contained so many crises, so much excitement and violence, so many childbirths, deaths (natural and accidental) and shotgun weddings, the new generation would never grow up. None of the incidents violates one's sense of probability, but in sequence they crowd out the periods of slack which make life on the whole more monotonous than thrilling.

The theme which is intended to thread these incidents together is the chase, through several years, of a great red fox, "King Devil." Nunnely Ballew, the father, is so obsessed by the hunt that all other concerns, farm and family, are sacrificed to the pursuit. Then, when he is finally successful, he is disappointed at the insignificance of the dead beast.

Nunnely sells his hounds ("the onliest real fine things we've ever had") and turns to his neglected farm, but the suggestion is implied that the sacrifice was really some kind of dedication, and the end of the chase, instead of freeing the family for a normal existence, kills something that was integral to their lives. Unfortunately, the fox fails to pull the book together. As a continuous narrative, it is lost in the multiplicity of incident; as a sym-

bol, the fox is inadequately and only intermittently developed.

In spite of these strictures, *Hunter's Horn* is an unusually good book of its kind. This is partly because the details of life in rural Kentucky are described with authority. The local dialect is exactly rendered with no suggestion of parody, while its rhythms and colloquialisms are subtly and appropriately adapted to the narrative prose.

That rightness of tone in dialogue and narrative is conspicuously missing from *Leaves in the Wind*. It is a novel of a Welsh mining town in the 1830's, but the life of *these* people and the accents of *their* speech are obscured by the peculiar style in which the book is written. The story is told in the person of an itinerant "harpist," a bard, philosopher and seer who combines all the professional disabilities of those stock characters as a narrator. "Under the suggestion of my long inner dialogue," he explains at one point, "the private cosmos of my meaning had swelled enormously." It is his prose which is swollen—a turgid, pretentious, "poetic" utterance which pushes the cosmos of his meaning off the page and leaves a long book to the exclusive possession of the most annoying character of recent fiction.

A Corner of the World is a collection of readable tales about the Far East—Shanghai, Manila, Macao, and so forth—strung together by little prefatory travelogues. These set the scene and announce the theme of each story: "It was Shanghai that spun its web around Crane McKenzie . . ." or "It was Saigon that destroyed Max-Robert's illusions. . . ." That should suggest the local color evoked and the substance of the stories. The inevitable comparison to Maugham is made by the publisher. Whatever compliment is implied, it at least means that a familiar vein is being (sometimes skillfully) reworked, the vein of exoticism, mystery, "something macabre" that attests the Westerner's imperfect comprehension of the milieu he is describing.

JOHN FARRELLY

THEATRE: God Bless America

BECAUSE OF MY congenital innocence, I am surprised that anyone should express surprise at the mishap of "Miss Liberty." You mightn't believe it, but Robert Sherwood's book at some point in its career contained a promising idea. Sherwood wanted to contrast the reality of American sentiment and idealism, as manifested in the people's enthusiasm over the symbol of the Statue of Liberty, with the commercial ballyhoo and business skulduggery which often in our fair country muddle and muddy that sentiment and idealism.

Such an idea may be presented with affection, but it is essentially satiric. Satire is not Irving Berlin's forte, and

his patriotism is not the kind to suggest any twinge of doubt or intellectual misgiving. Moss Hart's talent is bent toward farce, and what directorial style he has is chiefly unconscious. The fruit of this mésalliance is abortive.

But it would be a mistake to let the matter go at that, for in an odd way the production is an oblique illustration of the vice Sherwood was hoping to poke fun at. In "Miss Liberty" we see what happens to a basically honest conception when it is put through the Broadway wringer.

Producers do not aim to express a feeling of some kind—perchance the playwright's—since that might prove arty and hence uncommercial. And it

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THE VIKING PRESS

is every good showman's credo that nothing is anything unless it is ultra-commercial. How does one make a show commercial? Give it the best of everything! Hire excellent actors at tempting salaries, even if what they have to say or do has been cut to zero and it will be a humiliation for them to appear in parts that might more gracefully be handled by novices. Get a scenic artist and, for five-minute scenes of exposition that really need no more than an indication of place, have him furnish fancifully lavish sets, each one of which undoubtedly costs the price of a whole production in London. Make everything as expensive as you can (isn't there a supposedly satiric patter in the show called "The Most Expensive Statue in the World"?), spend close to a quarter of a million dollars, shoot the works. In the meantime Sherwood's modest notion has become as inconspicuous as a sparrow around the torch of the statue his play would celebrate. What you get is a golden flop.

Haven't I a kind word for anyone in the show? I would like the reader to believe that kindness is the source of my indignation. I admire practically everyone connected with "Miss Liberty." I find Mary McCarty most sympathetic; I adore Allyn McLerie, who is as cute as a pink and moves like a dream. I consider Jerome Robbins one of the most gifted people in our theatre. Ethel Griffies is a grand troupier, and Irving Berlin is the father and mother of us all—though I couldn't help thinking during the songs about the city on the Seine that he is ill at ease in Paris.

But no matter how you twist its arm, the theatre will have its revenge. To make money is a motive, not an idea. And good theatre—which certainly includes good musicals—springs from ideas. Even in 1949, you can't buy the muses without silencing them.

Am I being sententious? Possibly. But when at the end of this flagrantly wasteful musical, the whole company is made to intone Emma Lazarus' poem, "Give me your tired, your poor," at a time when the first news

to greet me on my return from abroad is a rumor of mass deportation of aliens, I feel my gorge rise. And when at precisely the same time I hear of two New York playhouses being leased for a term of years to a broadcasting company by a firm that has just been awarded an honorary plaque for its contribution "to the culture, stability and progress of Broadway,"

when, at the end of a season which saw fewer productions than any other within current memory, a dauntless old producer proudly announces that he is not worried about the theatre's future, I am impelled to cry, "Damn our optimism; it will end by doing us in." We are supposed to have a sense of humor, but I refuse to drown with a smile, smile, smile. HAROLD CLURMAN

ON THE AIR: This Is Burrows

NEITHER SATIRE nor caricature is new to radio. But rarely on the air has the piercing quality of the one combined with the perceptive understanding of the other to produce the type of social humor on the grand scale that the late Art Young achieved in his cartoons. Now that kind of program is available every Monday night at 9:30 over CBS. There you will meet Abe Burrows, the Art Young of radio.

He even resembles Young in a general physical rotundity and puckish facial expression. But what's more important is that, like Young, Burrows doesn't stoop to spoof. Instead, he elevates his subject, lifts him higher so as to strip him more carefully, layer by layer. Yet most of his effects are obtained through sympathetic laughter.

As the new program opens, a fanfare is followed by the announcement that we are about to have "Breakfast with Burrows." The shock value of the evening matutinal wears off, but the format gives Burrows the elbow room he needs. There is an expansiveness, a breadth of license about a table laid with cold cereal at 9:30 p.m.

Burrows' breakfast room comes alive quickly. There is his maid, Marilyn, played by Doro Merande. She disregards his explanation of the ridiculous time for breakfast ("I get up late") and thinks very little either of her boss or of the friends who drop in for a cup of coffee. Clifton Fadiman, who came one night, meant no more to her than Binnie Barnes, who was there the week before. Marilyn helps place the whole thing in perspective; she is

the realist whom Burrows is constantly trying to convince that he too is real.

I wonder whether even the keen Fadiman realized how his type was being caricatured the night he appeared to sing a special Burrows number illustrating an intellectual's polysyllabic pursuit of love. And when Hildegard joined Burrows in a duet from a Western operetta composed by him (with "the approval of Republic Pictures"), she was helping to rip into the frenchified bistro entertainers.

Burrows' setting includes other regulars than the capable Miss Merande. There is Stanley Prager, expertly playing a Burrows-written role calling for broad humor in contrast to Miss Merande's dry-as-dust wit. Accordionist Milton DeLugg conducts the orchestra, and there is a good choral ensemble directed by Lyn Duddy. These are experts in their fields, but one wonders whether even they were not chosen, in part at least, because their names fit the Burrows scheme of things.

Burrows himself is always sure to sing at least one of his own outlandish satires on Tin Pan Alley—"The Girl with the Three Blue Eyes" is the best known. Then there is the handling of the guests. Art Young often traded on his artless approach to people who sat for him in full knowledge that he was going to unstuff their fat fronts. Burrows appears to have the same gift.

If you have a television set, you may see Burrows, as well as hear a few words from him, now and then. The context of the TV program is entirely

different from Burrows' breakfast room. CBS opened a new, full-hour radio program last May, entitled "This Is Broadway." It was reviewed here, not too enthusiastically. That program now, to borrow from the barbaric vocabulary television is forcing upon us, is being "simulcast." That means that the regular program, without any change whatever, is transmitted simultaneously over radio and television.

"This Is Broadway" has improved vastly since it first came to the air. The program offers a parade of professional entertainers, ranging from character actors and monologists to comedians, singers and musicians. Irving Mansfield, the producer, felt that a pretext was necessary for bringing the people on. The excuse is that they come not only to show their wares but also to discuss "problems" besetting their artistic careers. Fadiman, as master of ceremonies, discusses their problems, with some show of gravity. A panel of experts then seeks solutions. The regulars on the panel are Burrows and George S. Kaufman. There is always a third member, but, as on "Information Please," the visitor is too often a silent partner.

Fadiman was slow adapting himself to his new role, but he has learned to let his long hair down and is much smoother now; acceptable, in a word. Mansfield's "problem" device is still very much of a gimmick, but lately it has been permitted to fade quickly. The Broadway of variety is on this show, at its near-best or better.

The social and economic aspects of the "simulcast" were driven home for me the night "This Is Broadway" went on television. At that point, a single broadcaster was using three types of transmission at once—AM, FM and TV—for the same program.

That seems to me a vast concentration of power. Suppose CBS had a facsimile license also? Or, suppose that, in addition to its monochromatic TV, CBS was permitted to broadcast on still another channel in full color (as it may be allowed to do soon)? Would the broadcaster be discharging his full responsibility by feeding the identical program to all the various types of transmission for which he was licensed?

There is a real problem for you, Messrs. Fadiman, Burrows and Kaufman.

SAUL CARSON

MOVIES: Warm and Humid

IF SOMEONE like Clara Bow had married someone like Al Jolson, would their daughter have been someone like Shirley Temple? Out of such musings was born the new 20th Century-Fox musical, "You're My Everything," another version of the currently successful show-about-show-business formula.

There were wonderful opportunities for satire in this Hollywood cavalcade, but, except for a hilarious takeoff of the "flaming youth" movies, there is no bite to the picture. A studio is shown to be a cosy, one-man business, with the stars dropping by at the owner's office to complain of their spouses' tempers or worry about their children's health, and a gentle providence is seen to regulate matters so that as one member of a movie family

begins to drop off at the box office, another is ripe for stardom. This could be satire by contrast.

The picture is bright with fine old songs and everyone in it, principally Dan Dailey and Anne Baxter, has such a good time that the effect on an audience is certain to be bracing.

"Come to the Stable" concerns the adventures of two French nuns from Rouen, Sister Margaret (Loretta Young) and Sister Scolastica (Celeste Holm), who come to America after the war to build us a children's hospital. This odd instance of reverse lend-lease stems from a solemn vow taken during a heavy bombardment and is thus not subject to logical examination. And what might seem in another

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context like a string of maudlin coincidences must be understood here as a manifestation of divine intercession.

The sisters are drawn to Bethlehem (in New England) by the fame of a certain Miss Potts (Elsa Lancaster) whose holy pictures have been flooding the religious market. The land they select for their project is owned by a gangster (Thomas Gomez) whose son, killed near Rouen, very probably died in the sisters' arms. A next-door neighbor, cool to the idea of having the landscape cluttered with good works, has written a hit song based, quite unconsciously, on the sisterhood's tradi-

tional chant. (He also was around Rouen during the war.) When the picture ends, these innocent daughters of the church have collected some \$25,000, mostly by selling jam, and are ready to break ground.

Without being sacrilegious, and remembering that God works in mysterious ways, it is still proper to doubt that He is ever quite that vulgar. The yarn was written by Clare Boothe Luce, who is both a conspicuously devout Catholic and a successful popular writer. Perhaps she just became confused about what she was rendering to whom.

ROBERT HATCH

MUSIC: Records and Record-Players

THE RCA VICTOR COMPANY having at length installed a 45-r.p.m. record-changer in my living room, I can now offer a few observations upon the device itself and the qualities of the records it plays. My remarks must be tentative, inasmuch as my present collection of slow-speed, 6¾-inch recordings is an odd and disorganized batch of nine albums. So far I have received for review no operatic selections, chamber music or piano or violin solos recorded on the new discs.

The salient feature of RCA Victor's record-player, its thick spindle, enables the record to revolve unusually steadily, thereby maintaining an even, unwavering tone; all my examples are remarkably free from vagaries of speed and pitch. The Vinylite surface of the disc appears to be ideal. Orchestral tone is effortless and well-balanced, and in its approximation of woodwind and brass timbres considerably more natural than most old-fashioned records. But the best of the current 33-r.p.m. Columbia long-playing discs sound more brilliant; the RCA Victor recording process sacrifices bite and impact to obtain its other impressive results.

My chief criticism of the new RCA Victor records—one that is widespread—is that it is still inconvenient, compared to Columbia's LP's.

The records are much smaller and lighter than before, to be sure, and the neat little boxes in which they are contained occupy far less shelf space than unwieldy 12-inch albums. But a single record-face still contains no more music than a conventional 78-r.p.m. 12-inch disc. Symphonies and other long works are rent asunder by as many breaks as ever.

Operatic Records. The spring and early summer have witnessed a banner output of operatic releases. A best-seller across the country, and properly so, is the closing scene of Richard Strauss's "Salome," sung with bloodthirsty ecstasy by Ljuba Welitch, with Fritz Reiner conducting the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra (Columbia). The records capture and project the vehemence, directness of address and inexhaustible tonal freshness that made Miss Welitch's Metropolitan debut in this role last February one of the year's most exciting evenings. Reiner, the absolute master of the music, provides an interpretation of the score that is wonderful both for its correctness and its flexibility. Miss Welitch may be heard, to only slightly less advantage, in imported recordings of Tatiana's Letter Scene, from Tchaikovsky's "Eugene Onegin," and the great *scena*, "Wie

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nahte mir der Schlummer," from
Weber's "Der Freischütz" (both Co-
lumbia).

She also sings the secondary role
of Chrysothemis in Sir Thomas Bee-
cham's version of the closing portion
of Strauss's "Elektra" (RCA Victor),
a performance rivaling Reiner's "Sa-
lome" in authority and dramatic ac-
cent. Erna Schlueter is a competent
and often exciting Elektra. More
neurotic in mood than "Salome," and
considerably nastier in sound, "Elek-
tra" has never become popular in this
country. But it is music of immense
sweep and fabulous inventiveness.

Several contemporary operas have
been effectively recorded, either in
full or in part. Much the most fascinat-
ing of these is Virgil Thomson's and
Gertrude Stein's "Four Saints in Three
Acts" (about half of which is present-
ed, under Thomson's direction, in an
RCA Victor album). This daring and
aggressively simple work seems less
enigmatic and more beautiful each
time I listen to it. Less commanding
as musical compositions, but bright
and stagewise, are Gian-Carlo Men-
otti's "The Telephone" and "The
Medium" (Columbia), sung by their
original Broadway casts, with the for-
midable Marie Powers as the specious
seeress in the latter opera. A large
portion of Benjamin Britten's "The
Rape of Lucretia" (RCA Victor)—a
popular success in England but a fail-
ure on Broadway—is set forth vigor-
ously by the original British cast.
Kurt Weill's "Street Scene," which
sounds more pot-boilerish with each
rehearing, has now been released on a
Columbia LP disc.

Four standard operas, all recorded
abroad, have appeared recently. Three
are admirably done by singers and con-
ductors well equipped to deal with
them—Verdi's "La Forza del Destino"
(Cetra-Soria) and "Aida" (RCA Vic-
tor) and Gounod's "Faust" (RCA
Victor). Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusti-
cana" (RCA Victor), conducted at a
snail's pace by its aging composer, is
almost completely unsatisfactory.

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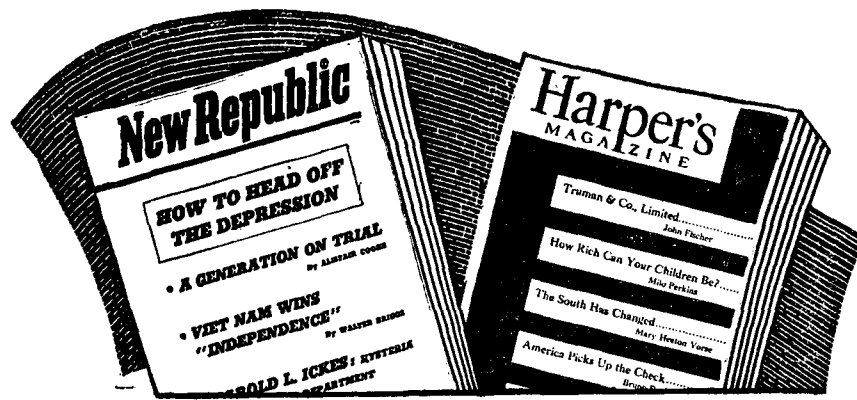
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